Saturday Review

JULY 28, 1962 / 25¢

William Faulkner

Man and Writer

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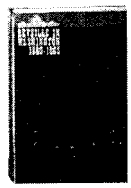

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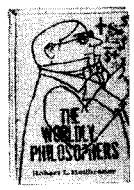

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Intestinal Fortitude

Edited by Martin Levin

FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE STOMACH

DURING a long winter in Tahiti and other portions of the South Pacific, I learned many things that could be of value in improving our American way of life. For one thing I learned that the Polynesians, quite correctly, do not regard the heart as the seat of human emotions. Those marvelous brown-skinned people know, instead, that the stomach is the physiological center of emotional feeling. In the light of this knowledge (which is supported by men of medicine), I make bold to suggest to ASCAP that certain changes be made in the lyrics of our popular songs, as for example:

My Stomach Stood Still
My Stomach Belongs to Daddy
Stomach-ache
The Curse of an Aching Stomach
Zing Went the Strings of My Stomach!
Be Still My Stomach
My Foolish Stomach
You Belong to My Stomach
and
Two Stomachs in Three-Quarter Time

So let us, with stout and resolute stomachs, go forward with Truth.

—H. ALLEN SMITH.

• • •

BACK TO NORMAL

WHENEVER I get tired of being an intellectual I get on a train to a little town in Ohio and go on a spree when I arrive. It always does the trick.

"Spree" sounds like wine, women, and song, but it's really nothing like that. This little town is like the little town where I grew up, and my spree is just a going back to the days before I heard of the things of mind and spirit.

First I go to a drugstore and buy three or four paperbacks—the kind with smooth, glossy covers and pictures of sexy women and titles like "Hot Flesh" and "The Miscegenists." Then I go back to my hotel room, lock the door, and read.

After I've finished I go to an ice-cream parlor and get a nectar soda. (At home I drink nothing but Scotch or vodka. I realize those aren't very intellectual drinks by Eastern standards, but you've got to make allowances for a provincial. I live in Chicago.) Then I walk through Woolworth's and steal something I don't need, like a card of buttons or a pack of hairpins. (This sounds like a reversion to childhood, but I actually did such things well into my teens, until I went to college at sixteen—I was precocious—and found out about the mind and spirit.)

Then I go to a movie. There are two movie houses in this town, one showing double features, the other showing higher-class movies with Doris Day and Troy Donahue and other stars. I always go to the higher-class place, eat popcorn, and stay twice for the short subjects and cartoon. If it's a serious picture I stay twice for the feature credits, too, to hear the background music again.

(At home I see mostly art movies. When I do go to a big Hollywood production I either sneer at it or, if I like it, say: "This is pretty good on its own level.")

Next I eat at a lunch counter that has Circusburgers—two patties of hamburger, lettuce, tomato, grilled cheese, and a grayish-yellow sauce. I drink a large Coke. And I pay without leaving a tip.

On my way back to the hotel I stop at the public library and browse in the popular fiction. I look through the current copies of *Life* and *Look*, too.

By then it's usually time for me to go home. I walk to my hotel room, put my things in my grip very carefully, and go to the station.

On the train I usually begin flipping through a paperback I've brought from home with me, with a title like "The Ghibelline-Guelph Conflict in Fourteenth-Century Italy," to get myself back to normal.

I usually fall asleep before the trip is over.

—DON HOFFHAUS.

• • •

CAPTIVE DINERS

IT IS time travelers demanded some minimum standard of quality, service, and courtesy in the carbon-copy dining rooms of our transportation terminals and super highways. That these spots are all carbon copies is not the complaint. The complaint is that there is no decent original.

Airplanes hand out free food and a lot of tricky little gadgets containing salt, pepper, dressing, cream, etc These are ingenious and make each meal a challenge. If you aren't up to it, you may find out that the cellophane and plastic wrappings are tastier than the groceries. But at 35,000 feet and 600 miles per hour, it all seems to be some sort of miracle, anyway. And the passenger's hope is not so much to have palatable food as to land safely.

And what happens when you have landed safely? You hang around an airport because of the inevitable delay in making a connection. And when you can put off eating no longer, you find that the restaurant in the airport is one of a chain that's weaker than its strongest link, and knows it doesn't have to make a friend of you because you have no place else to eat, and will never become a steady patron anyway, so why serve you good food? Americans have no talent for registering strong protest against this who-cares attitude and the mediocre meals served in places where they're held captive by the circumstances of travel.

Occasionally you find, as I did once, a waitress who is slightly on your side and tries to help. "This steak," I said, "is well done and tough. I ordered 'the prime stripper steak,' rare." She shrugged, as if that was all she could do about it. But the pleading in the eyes of a hungry man moved her to

pity. "Shall I take it back?" she asked, "At $4.50 I think it's worth a try," I said.

In a little while she returned with another steak. It was rare. In fact it was raw inside. Not only raw, it was still partially frozen. By the time I got it back, thawed, this second steak was as well done as the first and no more tender.

When I attempted to complain to the management, I was treated as if I were some kind of a nut, or *agent provocateur,* who had been sent from the Kremlin to the airport and that restaurant just to upset their efficient, smooth-running scheme for depriving lonesome, hungry people, far from home, of food fit to sustain life. People in charge literally turned their backs on me and walked away.

It's time to organize the underprivileged captive diners of America. But sit-ins won't do it. What we need is walk-outs!

—CARROLL CARROLL.

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TRADE Winds

OUT OF THE MAILBAG: "That ancient story about the next swan has been attributed to, among others, Lauritz Melchior, Robert Merrill, and now Slezak's father. Among the press releases that crossed this desk beating the drum for the television production of 'Noah and the Flood' was one containing a story about Stravinsky and Gershwin.

"Supposedly, Gershwin approached Stravinsky in Europe during the Twen-

ties and asked if he could study with the Russian master. Stravinsky asked, 'How much do you make from your music each year?' After Gershwin answered $500,000 (or some such figure), Stravinsky replied, 'Then, maestro, I should study from you.'

"The trouble is this same story has popped up in various places over the years and been attributed to every composer of the period from Debussy and Rimsky-Korsakov to Ravel. Gershwin seems to be a constant.

"So maybe Slezak should write a book collecting all these fine old stories and connecting them with their masters."—*Welton Jones, Amusements Editor, Shreveport Times.*

"OUT HERE IN THE OPEN SPACES romance is where you find it. A breathless contralto with the sexiest voice in Southern California ejaculates this singing commercial on Radio KFI, Los Angeles:

That's why I've got a crush
On Bandini's Purple Plush—
The fertilizer it's wiser to buy."
—*Don Ryan, Cedar Glen, Calif.*

"BOOKS PRINTED and published in Europe smell different from books printed in the United States. Sniffing around in book shops and libraries, I have substantiated this fact. I have picked up books, taken a whiff of them, and been able to label them as European or American products. Friends, curious onlookers, and proprietors of book stores have come to agree with me.

"Books printed in Europe have a spicy, romantic air, considered wholly apart from their contents. Books printed in the United States have a clean, printer's ink and no nonsense odor. Why is this so?"—*Patricia Osborn, Toledo, O.*

"DO NOT FEEL BADLY about your lack of knowledge of the Holy Bible. Other people are in the same boat. When asked about the children of Adam and Eve, the reply is invariably Cain and Abel. Poor Seth is forgotten. There were three sons, not two!

"If Adam and Eve were the only people on earth, how did they have any grandchildren with only three sons born to them? Think that over!"—*Frederic Sherwin Hill, Marshfield, Mass.*

"IS IT TRUE that the word 'snob' derives from the abbreviation for 'son of nobility'? My wife and I are having a helluva fight about this."—*Peter Paul Porges, New York, N.Y.*

"THAT QUERY about English words which, like 'bookkeeper,' have a sequence of three double letters sent me to Webster's International (1947 ed.), which I combed from A to zyzzogeton. The one finding was 'sweet-toothed,' and hyphenated at that.

"I resented not finding 'toot-toot,' and I'm sure there have been jeeppools scattered here and there about the globe since 1942."—*George A. Meyer, Professor of Languages Emeritus, Utah State University.*

"DRIVING THROUGH Concord on a Sunday afternoon, we stopped to ask the way to the Louisa Alcott house. 'Do you mean the Louisa *May* Alcott house?' inquired an elderly policeman in the village square. Then he gave us careful directions."—*Aline Walsh, Claremont, Calif.*

"IT IS ENCOURAGING to know that a few D.A.'s are taking their jobs seriously. I am in favor of more book burning and less witch hunting by self-appointed 'guardians of freedom' like you and the sensationalists of Grove Press. Garbage is as destructive to the mind as it is to the body, and this nation was never 'sicker,' thanks to the freedom addicts."—*Mary Bradt, Schenectady, N.Y.*

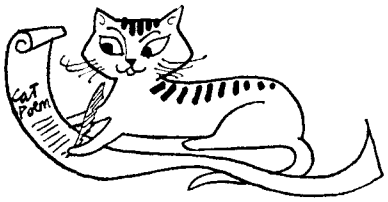
"I AM INDEED HAPPY to know that you and your readers know about the Geneva Convention of 1898. But you may perhaps be unhappy to learn that when Great Britain adhered to that Convention, it was with the express reservation of the right to use dum-dum bullets, not in gentlemanly warfare, but 'against uncivilized tribes.'

"Thus dum-dum bullets were not used against the Nazis nor the Japanese but they have been used by the British against 'uncivilized' tribesmen."—*Lee Epstein, New York, N.Y.*

"YOUR MAGAZINE is making a career out of ignoring me, especially my most recent book, which one metropolitan critic called the best autobiography he had ever read, and which critics out over the country have acclaimed without exception.

"But then New York City has been my 'blind spot' for a long time and I have to suffer along without the *Times, Newsweek, Time, and* also *Saturday Review.*—*H. Allen Smith, Mount Kisco, N.Y.*

"AFTER STRUGGLING with a cat poem with little success, I asked my husband, who can create a cat verse very quickly, to help me. 'I can't revise your stuff,' he said. 'I have to start from scratch.' "
—*Devon Reay, Taunton, Mass.*



"IF YOUR FRIEND Jarvis is going to insist on the verb 'are' in the Peugeot ad, he had better also insist on the word 'cars.' Those 2,000,000 people would be pretty silly buying just one car, especially a compact."—*Herb Teison, New York, N.Y.*

"I THINK of a lynching bee as a noose conference."—*Frank A. Knapp, Bradford Woods, Penn.*

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1477)

WHICHER:
MORNINGS AT EIGHT-FIFTY

("The Scholar As Craftsman")

He loved to tell a story on himself about a cub reporter, evidently given to struggles with the English language. "Who's the old guy with the beard?" asked the reporter. "That's Professor Genung." "Genung? Genung's *RHETORIC!*" "Yes." "Well, *damn him!*"

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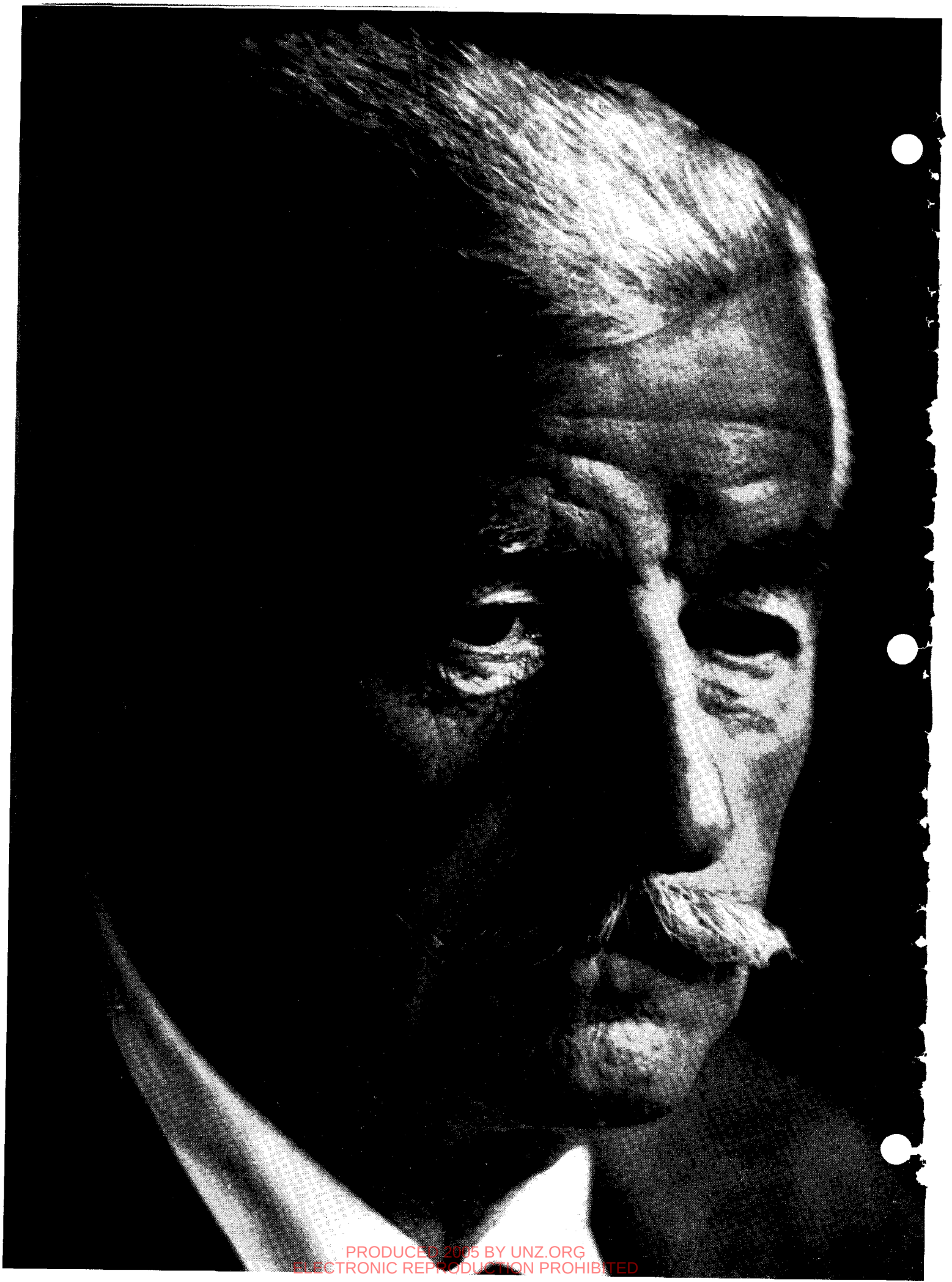

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William Faulkner

Man and Writer

By HAMILTON BASSO, *whose best-known novel, "The View From Pompey's Head," is a study of a small town in the South.*

SOME while ago, I saw a picture of William Faulkner standing on what I think must have been the portico of the library of the University of Virginia. His hair had gone all white, as had his moustache, and he looked remarkably handsome. "Well," I thought, "the Little Confederate has really grown up."

I meant no disrespect. I was exercising the right of shared experience. My thoughts, which soon moved on to other things, were tinged not so much with affection, although affection was not absent, as with a recollection of times past, in the middle 1920s, when I met Faulkner for the first time.

If I never much hankered after Paris during the expatriate years, it was because, in the New Orleans of that era, I had Paris in my own back yard. It was my privilege to be on companionable terms, not only with Faulkner, but with all those who made the French Quarter a sort of Creole version of the Left Bank. We weren't a literary clique, we weren't a movement, and God knows we weren't a school. What held us together was simply mutual friendliness and good will.

Our Royal Personage was Sherwood Anderson. He was then living in New Orleans and at the height of his reputation. We owed him much. All of us were young enough to profit by example, and Anderson's example, leaving aside the example of the dedicated artist, was basically that of benevolence. What he had, he shared. What was his to give, he gave—his time, his patience, his attention, and, rather like a canopy spread over all of these, the hospitality of his house. Almost every Saturday night he and his wife, the former Elizabeth Prall, had some of us to dinner. It was on one of these occasions that Faulkner and I were introduced to each other. He was then twenty-seven.

I wish I could remember the details of the evening, but I can't. I recall that we talked about the South—Faulkner's South: the world of Oxford, Mississippi, that he was later to transform into his own special world of Yoknapatawpha County—but what I best recollect are his beautiful manners, his soft speech, his controlled intensity, and his astonishing capacity for hard drink. Let us get this latter talent over with immediately. Faulkner drank. We have heard many stories and probably will soon be hearing many more. I would only point out that the large body of his work, with its infinite variety and complexity, could not have been produced by a crock, and that, even in his deepest cups, he never lost for the briefest second his courtesy and consideration for others, or failed to remain himself.

Faulkner and I never spent much time together. There were seven years between us, more of a gap then than later, and while I have no more modesty than the next man, I was bound, having just turned twenty and still enrolled at Tulane University, to wonder occasionally if I had not been admitted into the ball park by mistake. Sometimes, however, we would meet on the streets, and a few of these chance encounters led to our taking a walk on the wharves.

It would be agreeable to say that we talked about art, or meaning, or the meaning of meaning, but this was a different act entirely. Compared to the modern young men who come so splendidly armored from classes in English literature and creative writing, we were both ill-educated; myself more so than Faulkner, who had been reading enormously on his own. What we talked about were the far-off places vessels tied up at the wharves brought to mind; our recent forays into the world of books (Faulkner had got past Verlaine, Eliot, Pound, and Joyce, while I was just stumbling on Conrad and Melville); and, inevitably, the South.

Yet even the South was not the bond

William Faulkner, born New Albany, Mississippi, September 25, 1897; died Oxford, Mississippi, July 6, 1962.

—Photo by Morris Warman.

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it might have been. My South—New Orleans and its immediate environs, the swamp-and-bayou country directly south and west—was not Faulkner's. Mine was Mediterranean, Catholic, and, in such families as my own, still essentially European. Faulkner's South was much less diluted, *sui generis*, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, and, as it were, more landlocked, turned inward upon itself. Our conversation, then, was in effect about two different worlds. It was not until I left New Orleans and went to live elsewhere in the South that I began to understand what Faulkner was trying to get at—in specifically Southern terms, I mean—and I think it is interesting that his one truly negligible book, the early novel "Mosquitoes," has New Orleans as its locale.

My closest tie to Faulkner came out of a wholly different realm. There was then in New Orleans a gang of barnstorming aviators who called themselves "The Gates Flying Circus." They flew decrepit Wright Whirlwinds stuck together God knows how. Although I was still at Tulane, as I have said, I was also doing some space-rate journalism on the side for the *Times-Picayune*; and the city editor, having decided that the Flying Circus was worth a feature, apparently decided, too, that, as the least expensive of his hirelings, I was the most expendable. I soared into the air for the first time in my life, was introduced to a dazzling series of tricks that at first scared the daylights out of me, and struck up a friendship with the several daring fellows, who—which may have been in the back of my city editor's mind all the time—soon got themselves killed. However, they and their planes held together long enough for me to venture up with them five or six times more, purely in the line of pleasure, and for Faulkner, who was a bit hipped on the subject of flying anyway, to become an almost constant companion, and to get the substance of the experience that later went into his novel "Pylon." (I understand that the Literary Puritans object to this sort of thing, and hold that a writer's work should be examined without reference to the field of his personal experience, but wouldn't hopscotch or tiddly-winks be more fun?) Anyhow, it was the Gates Flying Circus that provided Faulkner and me with our strongest bond. Nobody *else* in our crowd had gone looping-the-loop in a bucket seat and open cockpit over the Mississippi River.

Just how long Faulkner lived in New Orleans I don't remember—long enough to write his first novel, "Soldier's Pay," which Sherwood Anderson helped to get published by Liveright (the flying circus of publishing), and also, I think, "Mosquitoes." He joined in some of our play—there was a fine game of tag one night across the steeply angled roofs of a narrow block of the Quarter—but already, unknown to the rest of us, he was caught up in his vision of Yoknapatawpha County and working most industriously.

This part of Faulkner's story has already been put together with much care and detail by Carvel Collins in his Introduction to his edition of "William Faulkner: New Orleans Sketches," a collection of pieces that Faulkner wrote for *The Double-Dealer*, a "little" magazine of unusual merit, published in New Orleans—some of the other contributors to *The Double-Dealer* were Ernest Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, Ezra Pound, Hart Crane, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Edmund Wilson, and Thornton Wilder—and for the Sunday feature section of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. In his Introduction, Mr. Collins shows how these stories and sketches foreshadowed many of the themes that were to enrich his later work. It is easy to see now, thanks to Mr. Collins's patient effort, that Yoknapatawpha County, Faulkner's mythical kingdom, first began to take shape in his ground-floor apartment in Orleans Alley, a little one-block street that runs through from Jackson Square to Royal Street.

FAULKNER left New Orleans in 1926. In the years that followed I saw him only twice again. I am not too good about dates, and I've never kept a notebook that amounts to anything, but the first of these encounters was in New York City in the summer of 1929, shortly before the publication of the first of the Yoknapatawpha novels, "Sartoris."

By that time I had left the university for a reporter's job on the long since defunct New Orleans *Tribune*, a morning paper, and then, after a spell on the *Times-Picayune*, had gone to work for an advertising agency, also in New Orleans, an episode later terminated by my complete and even appalling lack of ability as a copywriter.

I go into these details only to explain what I was doing in New York City in the summer of 1929. The agency sent me. Just what business it was that caused me to be riding one of the trains on the old Third Avenue Elevated I no longer have the vaguest idea. But there I was, and there, in the same coach, was Faulkner. We hadn't seen each other in three years. New York was then a strange, foreign country to me, as in many ways it still is; and I think it has been proven by the record that Faulkner was never really at home anywhere except in Oxford, Mississippi.

We were glad to see each other, very glad, but I believe that some of the gladness was that of two provincials, each deeply committed to his own place and sharing a set of memories, who find themselves in the large, unfamiliar city. I remember myself impulsively saying, "Good Lord, the Little Confederate," and Faulkner's quick grin; and the upshot was that we rode to the end of the line together, and then back again to where Faulkner had to get off.

He was in an easy mood during our trip. He told me something about "Sartoris" and that he had found what he thought was a good publisher who believed in him. I wished him good luck when we parted, and he wished

From William Faulkner's Publisher

WILLIAM FAULKNER was not only one of the greatest writers of his time, but as fine a gentleman as ever I met in my life. He gave his friendship sparingly, but once it was given, it was for life. We who had the blessing of his friendship will love him always.

Some people have the impression that William Faulkner's townsfolk in Oxford, Mississippi, didn't appreciate their famous neighbor. They should have been in the Court House Square of Oxford—made famous in Mr. Faulkner's writings—when his funeral cortège passed slowly by Saturday afternoon. Every store in town was closed, although Saturday is market day in those parts. The entire population of the town was grouped in the Square—hats off, solemn and immobilized—as the cars wound their way slowly up to the old churchyard three blocks from the Square. There wasn't a sound to be heard nor a movement. We knew then that, although many of the people in Oxford might not understand or approve of or even know William Faulkner's writings, they did know him as a man and respected him deeply.

—BENNETT CERF.

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me good luck. The 1929 crash came and then the rest of it, and, while Faulkner continued to write and publish, he fell into that long period of neglect when, at one stage, all of his work was out of print, a partial oblivion from which he was rescued by that most sensible, perceptive, and helpful critic, Malcolm Cowley.

The Faulkner commentary has now reached staggering proportions. It was Cowley, however, in his introduction to the "Faulkner Portable" he edited for Viking, who first got at the whole sweep and panorama of Yoknapatawpha County and made apparent, for the first time, what Faulkner had been up to. Sometimes I have wondered if Faulkner didn't himself find Cowley's Introduction, which can be seen as a sort of surveying job of Yoknapatawpha County, more than ordinarily useful. I don't think that even his warmest admirers would want to claim that Faulkner was a careful writer—in the way, for example, that Proust was a careful writer. One of the astonishments of Proust is how expertly everything is fitted and joined: one of the astonishments of Faulkner is how it isn't. But then, in strict novelistic terms—such terms as may again be applied to Proust—Faulkner, as Cowley was able to see, was less the novelist and more the bardic poet.

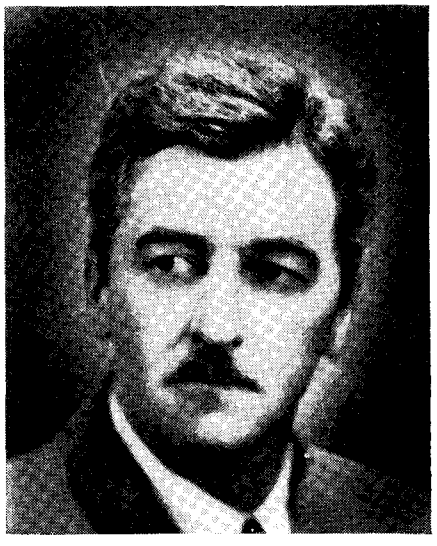
Let me seem to be arrogant for a moment. There are a few things in the South that, as far as intellectual comprehension is concerned, I "know" almost as well as anybody. So when I read Faulkner (not that I have read everything; far from it) I begin, so to speak, from the inside looking out. But then something happens. What I "know" begins to lose its hold. It fades and grows dim. And soon, instead of being on the inside looking out, I am on the outside looking in. It wasn't the South that Faulkner was writing about: it was his vision of the South; and, beyond that vision, although always a part of it, his vision of the world. Those who read him as a "realistic" novelist might just as well read Dante as a Baedeker to the nether regions, and Milton as a Michelin going in the opposite direction.

Beginning with Cowley's portable, Faulkner's reputation began its steady climb upward. He became with Ernest Hemingway our most widely read and most highly admired writer throughout the world, and, like Hemingway, was awarded a Nobel Prize. Without making a point of it, we kept in touch. I would get an occasional message via some Oxford, Mississippi, connections I had acquired through a sister's marriage (one of the things the South is is a bundle of fishhooks), and I would

William Faulkner in photographs

Beside his plane in Nashville airport.

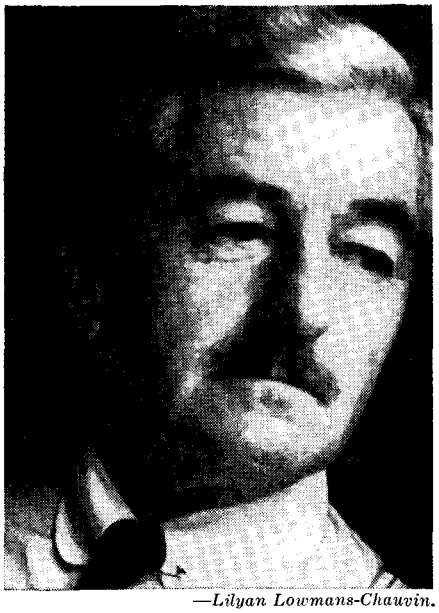
1934: "Dr. Martino and Other Stories."



1945: 'The Portable Faulkner."

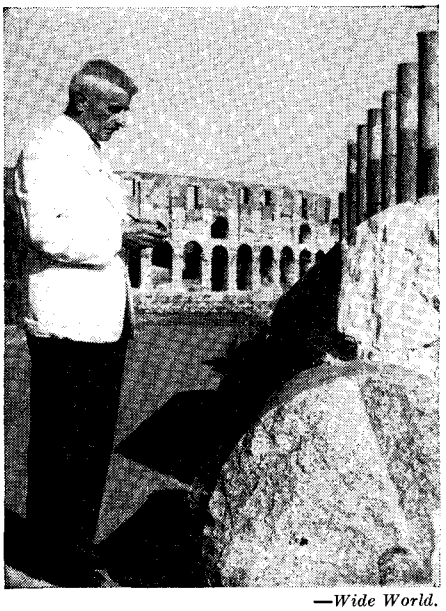
—*Pix.*

1952: Hollywood.



—*Lilyan Lowmans-Chauvin.*

1954: "The Faulkner Reader."



—*Wide World.*

1954, Rome: Nobel Prize Winner.

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I CAN'T repudiate it. It was never mine to repudiate. It was never Father's and Uncle Buddy's to bequeathe me to repudiate, because it was never Grandfather's to bequeathe them to bequeathe me to repudiate, because it was never old Ikkemotubbe's to sell to Grandfather for bequeathement and repudiation because it was never Ikkemotubbe's father's father's to bequeathe Ikkemotubbe to sell to Grandfather or any man because on the instant when Ikkemotubbe discovered, realized that he could sell it for money, on that instant it ceased ever to have been his forever, father to father to father, and the man who bought it bought nothing. . . .

Bought nothing. Because He told in the Book how He created the earth, made it and looked at it and said it was all right, and then He made man. He made the earth first and peopled it with dumb creatures, and then He created man to be His overseer on the earth and to hold suzerainty over the earth and the animals on it in His name, not to hold for himself and his descendants inviolable title forever, generation after generation, to the oblongs and squares of the earth, but to hold the earth mutual and intact in the communal anonymity of brotherhood, and all the fee He asked was pity and humility and sufferance and endurance and the sweat of his face for bread.

—From "The Bear."

BECAUSE THEY WERE too busy raging and sweating among the dismantled logs and felling the new ones in the adjacent woods and trimming and notching and dragging them out and mixing the tenuous clay mud to chink them together with; it was not until the second day that they learned what was troubling Ratcliffe, because now they had time, the work going no slower, no lessening of sweat but on the contrary, if anything the work going even a little faster because now there was a lightness in the speed and all that was abated was the rage and the outrage, because somewhere between the dark and the dawn of the first and second day, something had happened to them—the men who had spent that first long hot endless July day sweating and raging about the wrecked jail, flinging indiscriminately and savagely aside the dismantled logs and the log-like laudanum-smitten inmates in order to rebuild the one, cursing old Holston and the lock and the four—three—bandits and the eleven militia-men who had arrested them, and Compson and Pettigrew and Peabody and the United States of America—the same men met at the project before sunrise on the next day which was already promising to be hot and endless too, but with the rage and the fury absent now, quiet, not grave so much as sobered, a little amazed, diffident, blinking a little perhaps, looking a little aside from one another, a little unfamiliar even to one another in the new jonquil-colored light, looking about them at the meager huddle of crude cabins set without order and every one a little awry to every other and all dwarfed to dollhouses by the vast loom of the woods which enclosed them—the tiny clearing clawed punily not even into the flank of pathless wilderness, but into the loin, the groin, the secret parts, which was the irrevocable cast die of their lives, fates, pasts and futures—not even speaking for a while yet since each one probably believed (a little shamefaced too) that the thought was solitarily his, until at last one spoke for all and then it was all right since it had taken one conjoined breath to shape that sound, the speaker speaking not loud, diffidently, tentatively, as you insert the first light tentative push of wind into the mouthpiece of a strange untried foxhorn: "By God. Jefferson."

—From "Requiem for a Nun."

"William Faulkner," by Louise Costello, 1936.

send an occasional message back. Once he wrote me a note, extending a standing invitation to visit, but I never took up the invitation.

And so things continued along until one noontime a few years ago, when we happened to run into each other in the downstairs lobby of his present publishers, Random House, on Madison Avenue. Thirty years had passed since our little excursion on the Third Avenue Elevated. We looked at each other, noting what the decades had done. I said, "Well, now," and Faulkner said, "Good morning to you, sir"; and then, in full sight of a small audience, we rather formally embraced.

Under the circumstances, then, I am not the one to attempt any kind of evaluation. I think there are flaws in his work, bad flaws at times, and I think he was a very great writer. I often lose my way in his pages, and quite as often don't altogether understand what is written on them, and I think he is as original a genius as this country has produced. Time as always will be the judge. I believe that time will be on his side. And meanwhile, as it was in the beginning, is now, and forever shall be, the weighers and assayers, the self-appointed anointers all, will assume time's province.

Somewhere I have read something to the effect that a dissection of Faulkner's work is the greatest task that faces twentieth-century criticism. Well, maybe so. I suppose the feast is too tempting to be foresworn. And has not his Nobel Prize speech—"I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance"—has not this utterance already been waved aside as a piece of empty rhetoric? This sort of thing isn't *done* nowadays. Who wants to be a square?

But it can't be had both ways. For what Faulkner said in Stockholm was in essence what he had been saying ever since the vision of Yoknapatawpha County first loomed up before him in Orleans Alley in New Orleans. The violence and terror is there, and the sickening horror—cannot anyone understand the chill it brought to the man, that of the horror he was the most horrified?—yet running deeper than that, a constantly recurring theme, was the belief that man, capable of sacrifice and compassion and endurance, possessed of his soul, would by his soul prevail. I am aware of the complexity of his work, but to me the important thing is really quite simple. William Faulkner was a Christian gentleman. May his soul rest in peace.

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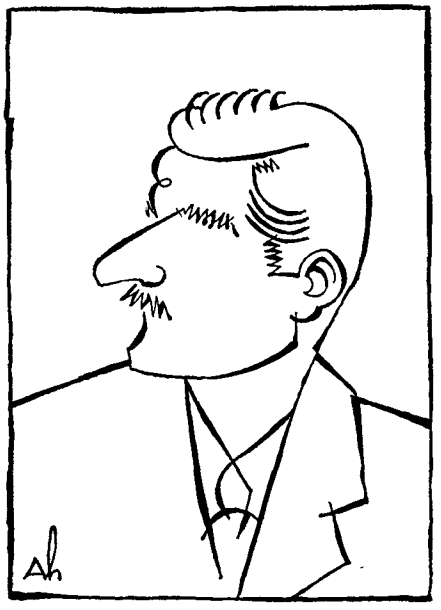
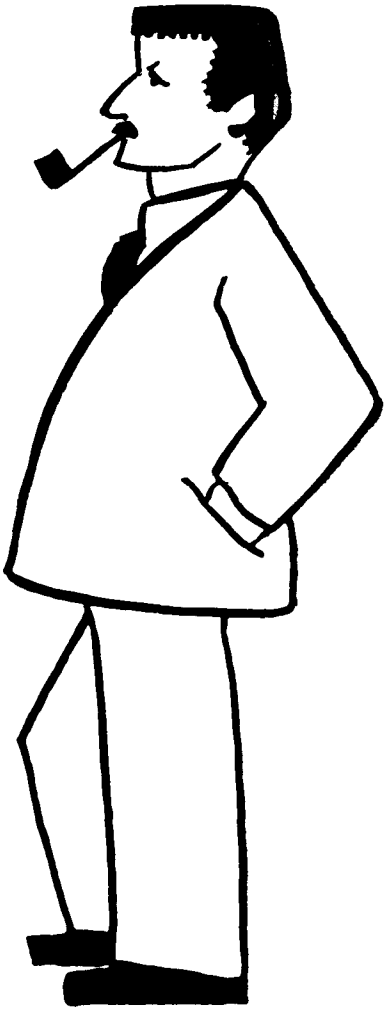
Faulkner: As Seen by Different Artists



By Arthur Hawkins

By D. Parrot



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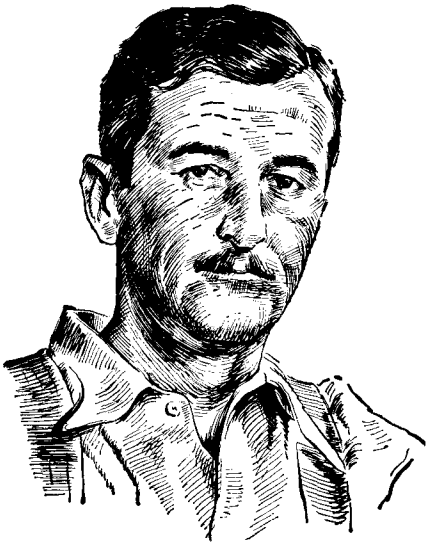

By Ed Bearden

THINK OF ALL that has happened here, on this earth. All the blood hot and strong for living, pleasuring, that has soaked back into it. For grieving and suffering too, of course, but still getting something out of it for all that, getting a lot out of it, because after all you don't have to continue to bear what you believe is suffering; you can always choose to stop that, put an end to that. And even suffering and grieving is better than nothing; there is only one thing worse than not being alive, and that's shame. But you can't be alive forever, and you always wear out life long before you have exhausted the possibilities of living. And all that must be somewhere; all that could not have been invented and created just to be thrown away. And the earth is shallow; there is not a great deal of it before you come to the rock. And the earth don't want to keep things, hoard them; it wants to use them again. Look at the seed, the acorns, at what happens even to carrion when you try to bury it; it refuses too, seethes and struggles too until it reaches light and air again, hunting the sun still.

—From "Go Down, Moses."

Lips that of thy weary all seem weariest,
And wearier for the curled and pallid sly
Still riddle of thy secret face, and thy
Sick despair of its own ill obsessed;

Lay no hand to heart, do not protest
That smiling leaves thy tired mouth reconciled,
For swearing so keeps thee but ill beguiled
With secret joy of thine own flank and breast.
Weary thy mouth with smiling: canst thou bride
Thyself with thee, or thine own kissing slake?
Thy belly's waking doth itself deride
With sleep's sharp absence, coming so awake;
And near thy mouth thy twinned heart's grief doth hide
For there's no breast between: it cannot break.

—From "A Green Bough."

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THE POWER OF WORDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The novel that focused literary attention on William Faulkner was "The Sound and the Fury," published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith in 1929. Lenore Marshall, who "discovered" that manuscript, is herself a distinguished novelist and poet. Her most recent books are "Other Knowledge: Poems New and Selected" (1956, Noonday Press) and a novel, "The Hill is Level" (1959, Random House).*

By LENORE MARSHALL

IN 1929 I was a reader for a small, newly founded, and short-lived publishing house, Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. The following year I became its literary editor. My office, in an old brownstone walk-up house on East 46th Street, located beside a speakeasy, was on the top story. Each morning on arrival, I would fill my arms with manuscripts that had been put in a safe on the ground floor and carry a dozen or so upstairs, where, between conferences with authors, I would go over them as time allowed.

Being a newcomer, our firm received many submissions already rejected by the established publishing houses; several thousand manuscripts a year would come to me for decision, since we had insufficient staff because of the depression. Unjust as this procedure sounds—to me, too, now at this remove—so many turned out to be illiterate or obvious trash that a few pages at the beginning, middle, or end were often enough for the usual verdict.

One morning, during this expectant and disheartening routine, a severely battered manuscript lay among the collection. It had apparently been around—later information showed that it had rolled up thirteen rejections. I opened "The Sound and the Fury" and read: "Through the fence, between the curling flower spaces, I could see them hitting. They were coming. . . ." I read on. The words, even now, bringing back that initial excitement and promise, make me tremble: life overflowed on those strange confusing pages. I read six of them, not entirely comprehending—but this evidently did not matter. It was like a physical assault, a blow between the eyes, a sudden spell, an overwhelming encounter. *The power of words,* I thought. I remember this phrase, this first marveling response to those pages, and when I reread them today the same response returns, the same phrase that then struck: *the power of words.*

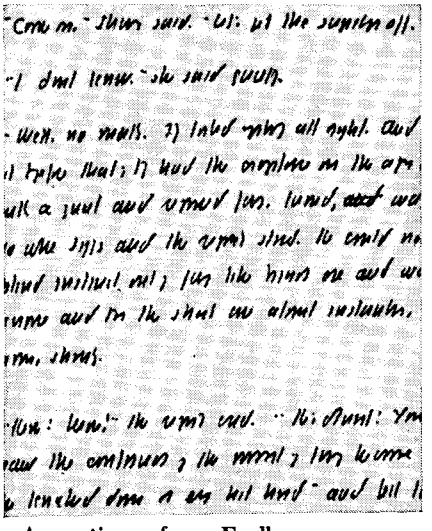
Faulkner's name was unfamiliar to most readers, including me, for although three previous books had appeared, they had gone largely unnoticed. I ran downstairs to the publisher's office on the floor below.

"I think I have found a work of genius," I cried to my boss, Harrison Smith, in later years the president of *The Saturday Review.* "What's it about?" he asked with patient forbearance.

"I don't know. I'm just starting it."

"Finish it."

At its conclusion, I still didn't know what it was about. Numerous readings were needed to fathom it. The manuscript was unclear and uncompromising, no concessions; time surged back and forth through mirrors; the inner chaotic truth of the mind took its place beside the truth of surface; the author offered no help; an immense compulsive store of original energy poured out, scarcely to be contained within the sentence bounds. We accepted the novel. My blue pencil went to work and I sent a list of suggestions for clarifying certain passages to Mr. Faulkner in Mississippi, telling him I believed his book was great but could he please—on page this or that . . . ? He wrote back, "Who the hell are you?" Since then I have learned that this is what most authors want to say to the editor who suggests changes in their work.



A portion of a Faulkner manuscript in the author's handwriting.

Later William Faulkner and I met and became friends.

I still have, among files dating from that period and shown from time to time to friends, my earliest report penciled on lined yellow paper, a brief summary scribbled after that first excited, bewildered reading. It begins: "This is probably a work of genius." Difficult, labyrinthine, and unclassifiable though the manuscript was, it seems incredible that numerous publishers' readers could have passed it by.

The letters I received from Bill Faulkner over the years were written in a penmanship as fine as a Paul Klee line drawing, no i dotted, no t crossed; the word "till," for instance, might be four similar minute strokes, a hieroglyph to decipher. He gave me a chronology which I have pasted in my copy of "The Sound and the Fury," written in this hand of his, of birth dates of Caddy, Quentin, Jason, et al. "Someday I'll give you the whole manuscript," he said.

He was independent and solitary and lawless in the sense that conventions had no false meaning or importance to him, yet he had the old-fashioned courtesy of a true gentleman. Once when he and I had a one o'clock luncheon appointment he appeared at my home at nine A.M. Seated in my living room, talking in that, to me, unlikely hour for rambling conversation, he related quietly that one night his baby became ill and he called the doctor. The doctor said he would come in the morning. The baby grew worse. Bill walked up and down, up and down, holding it. He telephoned again and told the doctor he had better come; the baby was worse. The doctor said he'd be there first thing in the morning. The baby died. "In the morning I went over and I shot that doctor."

His fiction overflowed into a world of fact—or fact overflowed into a world made whole by fiction—so pent and pressing that it must have been torture; only words gave the necessary outlet to order. Whatever made his style seem impenetrable to certain critics was the very stuff of an inexhaustible imagination wherein invention could not be contained by ordinary rules. He wrote of violence, but he celebrated life. That same early morning in my living room he speculated, gentle and remote, upon the idea of changing his identity, disappearing, settling somewhere in a

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desert—could it be done? The desert would be the best place in which to lose oneself, he ruminated in his low voice, out of some subterranean cosmos—could one change one's name, change one's appearance, become a different person? And then we talked of poetry that morning, discussing each other's verse, his comments attentive and constructive.

He drank. The effect on him of the bootleg liquor available in that restless Prohibition period worried his publishers. One evening several of us called on him at the Algonquin. Bill was in bed, a bottle beside him. Unwilling to leave him, waiting for him to be ready for sleep, we remained in our semicircle of chairs while the night wore on. Our host on the pillow discoursed, and the bottle emptied. He proposed that he rise and scour the city for a speakeasy that might still be open where he could buy the assurance of another bottle. We tried to dissuade him, and urged him to sleep. He turned to me, aggrieved, and said, "Lenore, what would *you* do if *you* woke up at three in the morning and found *you* had *no more whiskey*?"

"As I Lay Dying," a heartbreaking novel, and "Sanctuary" were published in close succession; these I also edited. They were written in a comparatively straightforward manner and were not as difficult to unwind as "The Sound and the Fury." If my recollection is correct, they were published with only minor changes. Afterward, when the firm broke up, Bill's and my paths diverged and in recent times we seldom met.

Through the towering reputation of his later years, that of being the greatest American writer of our century, whose work at its best is comparable to Dostoevsky, the same qualities in his work appear that distinguished his first achievement. The viscosity of his prose gives a clearer light than the most limpid simplicity in the hands of lesser writers. Details of his life changed but not the essential man, not the artist. He was said to have built a study in his Mississippi home where, as even his local fame grew, the exigencies of a large network of kinsfolk, of which he was head, would not intrude; someone was always dropping in because he needed shoes or a horse needed shoeing. The study, Bill announced, was to be inviolate, but one day, glancing up from his papers, he saw a cousin in the doorframe, pointing and saying to a neighbor: "Thar he be, writin'." Whether the story is apocryphal or not, one can imagine the solitary man in his study, in his town, in his spirit, where he found his roots and his release, the man whose humanity encompassed a chaos in which his insight revealed humor and tragedy and raw evil and clear goodness and the indefatigable vision of man.

He had a fearless love of the miracle of language and this was his salvation to the passion and compassion that show in every book he wrote. He spoke of man's "puny inexhaustible voice, still talking"—a phrase which brings to mind Proust's last line in which he speaks of men "standing like giants immersed in time." Faulkner's voice will talk for a long time. He said, ". . . man will not merely endure: he will prevail." Other writers would do well to follow him from the road of fatalism and destruction to the faith that man will prevail. Bill Faulkner gave new meaning to the power of words.

The Falkners of Mississippi

THE FALKNERS are a family whose Southern roots go deep. William Faulkner (there are several conflicting accounts of how exactly the "u" got into the name: that it was an older spelling, that it was due to a printer's error which the novelist retained, etc.) was born in New Albany, Mississippi, on September 25, 1897, the eldest of four sons, and was named after his great-grandfather, Colonel William Cuthbert Falkner. That colorful gentleman fought in the Mexican War and the Battle of Bull Run; was twice tried (and acquitted) for murder; built a small railroad and ran other business enterprises; founded a college; wrote an immensely popular novel, "The White Rose of Memphis"; was elected to the Mississippi state legislature in 1889; and on the same day was shot to death in a public square by J. H. Thurmond, his former business partner turned political rival (who, like his victim, was acquitted of murder in a sensational trial). The events of Colonel Falkner's crowded life provided his great-grandson with the basis for a number of fictional episodes.

While William Faulkner was still a child his family moved to Oxford, Mississippi, and here he spent the major portion of his life. As a schoolboy he made little impression on his teachers, and he left high school without graduating. But in 1914 he made friends with a local lawyer named Phil Stone, four years his senior, under whose guidance he began to read widely, and who encouraged his first efforts at writing.

When the United States entered the First World War, Faulkner attempted to enlist in the American Army, which rejected him as underweight. Subsequently he managed to join the Royal Canadian Flying Corps and was trained as a pilot, but the war had ended before he was ready for overseas combat duty.

Back in Oxford, he took courses at the University of Mississippi, worked at odd jobs, and for two years was university postmaster, an appointment that proved mutually unsatisfactory; during this period he was known among his fellow townsmen as "Count No 'count." In 1924 Phil Stone financed the private publication of his first book, a poetry collection called "The Marble Faun."

Shortly thereafter he went to New Orleans, where he spent six months, and wrote his first novel, "Soldier's Pay," published in 1926 while Faulkner was in Europe.

The year 1929 marked a turning point, both personally and artistically: Faulkner married Estelle Oldham, an Oxford girl, and published his third novel, "Sartoris," in which Yoknapatawpha County and its unforgettable inhabitants made their first appearance. During the next two decades the writer spent several short periods in Hollywood, working on film scripts (including "To Have and Have Not" and "The Big Sleep"); for the rest, he lived quietly in Oxford producing the major corpus of his work and avoiding publicity.

In 1950 William Faulkner became the fourth American to receive the Nobel literary prize, and his life entered a new phase: after his famous acceptance speech, he emerged more and more from his seclusion with forceful public statements on current problems. He made public appearances, traveled to Europe and Asia on State Department cultural missions, and spent two semesters as writer-in-residence at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville. Some of his discussions with students have been published as "Faulkner in the University."

William Faulkner died on July 6, 1962, at his Oxford home, and is buried there near the graves of four generations of his family.

—Ruth Brown.

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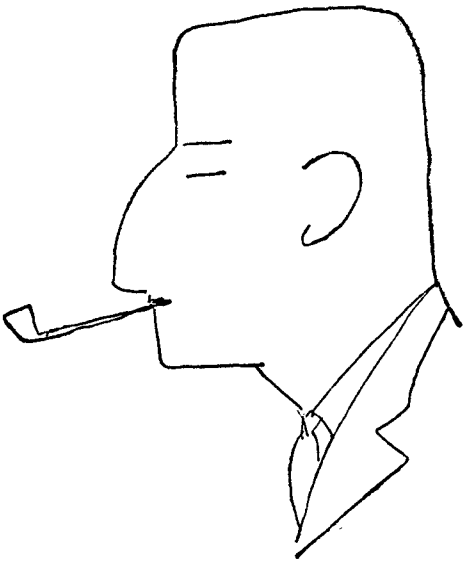
The Cosmos of the Artist



Self-Portrait by William Faulkner: "If I had not existed, someone else would have written me. . . ."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"The reason I don't like interviews," Faulkner explained to Jean Stein in New York City, early in 1956, "is that I seem to react violently to personal questions. If the questions are about the work, I try to answer them. When they are about me, I may answer or I may not, but even if I do, if the same question is asked tomorrow, the answer may be different." Nevertheless, the transcript for The Paris Review of the following conversation concerning Faulkner the craftsman remarkably reveals the personality of the novelist—the way that he spoke, his credo, his wit. Viking Press has granted SR permission to reprint excerpts from the interview, which is included in "Writers at Work," edited by Malcolm Cowley © 1957, 1958 by The Paris Review. Mr. Faulkner's opening comments, quoted below, are in response to the question "How about yourself as a writer?"*

FAULKNER: If I had not existed, someone else would have written me, Hemingway, Dostoevsky, all of us. Proof of that is that there are about three candidates for the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. But what is important is "Hamlet" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," not who wrote them, but that somebody did. The artist is of no importance. Only what he creates is important, since there is nothing new to be said. Shakespeare, Balzac, Homer have all written about the same things, and if they had lived one thousand or two thousand years longer, the publishers wouldn't have needed anyone since.

INTERVIEWER: But even if there seems nothing more to be said, isn't perhaps the individuality of the writer important?

FAULKNER: Very important to himself. Everybody else should be too busy with the work to care about the individuality.

INTERVIEWER: And your contemporaries?

FAULKNER: All of us failed to match our dream of perfection. So I rate us on the basis of our splendid failure to do the impossible. In my opinion, if I could write all my work again, I am convinced that I would do it better, which is the healthiest condition for an artist. That's why he keeps on working, trying again; he believes each time that this time he will do it, bring it off. Of course he won't, which is why this condition is healthy. Once he did it, once he matched the work to the image, the dream, nothing would remain but to cut his throat, jump off the other side of that pinnacle of perfection into suicide. I'm a failed poet. Maybe every novelist wants to write poetry first, finds he can't, and then tries the short story, which is the most demanding form after poetry. And, failing at that, only then does he take up novel writing.

INTERVIEWER: Is there any possible formula to follow in order to be a good novelist?

FAULKNER: Ninety-nine per cent talent . . . 99 per cent discipline . . . 99 per cent work. He must never be satisfied with what he does. It never is as good as it can be done. Always dream and shoot higher than you know you can do. Don't bother just to be better than your contemporaries or predecessors. Try to be better than yourself. An artist is a creature driven by demons. He don't know why they choose him and he's usually too busy to wonder why. He is completely amoral in that he will rob, borrow, beg, or steal from anybody and everybody to get the work done.

INTERVIEWER: Do you mean the writer should be completely ruthless?

FAULKNER: The writer's only responsibility is to his art. He will be completely ruthless if he is a good one. He has a dream. It anguishes him so much he must get rid of it. He has no peace until then. Everything goes by the board: honor, pride, decency, security, happiness, all, to get the book written. If a writer has to rob his mother, he will not hesitate; the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is worth any number of old ladies.

INTERVIEWER: Then could the *lack* of security, happiness, honor, be an important factor in the artist's creativity?

FAULKNER: No. They are important only to his peace and contentment, and art has no concern with peace and contentment.

INTERVIEWER: Then what would be the best environment for a writer?

FAULKNER: Art is not concerned with environment either; it doesn't care where it is. If you mean me, the best job that was ever offered to me was to become a landlord in a brothel. In my opinion it's the perfect milieu for an artist to work in. It gives him perfect economic freedom; he's free of fear and hunger; he has a roof over his head and nothing whatever to do except keep a few simple accounts and to go once every month and pay off the local police. The place is quiet during the morning hours, which is the best time of the day to work. There's enough social life in the evening, if he wishes to participate, to keep him from being bored; it gives him a certain standing in his society; he has nothing to do because the madam keeps the books; all the inmates of the house are females and would defer to him and call him "sir." All the bootleggers in the neighborhood would call him "sir." And he could call the police by their first names.

So the only environment the artist needs is whatever peace, whatever solitude, and whatever pleasure he can get at not too high a cost. . . . My own experience has been that the tools I need for my trade are paper, tobacco, food, and a little whiskey. . . .

INTERVIEWER: Does the writer need [economic freedom]?

FAULKNER: No. The writer doesn't need economic freedom. All he needs is a pencil and some paper. I've never known anything good in writing to come from having accepted any free gift of money. The good writer never applies to a foundation. He's too busy writing something. If he isn't first rate he fools himself by saying he hasn't got time or economic freedom. Good art can come out of thieves, bootleggers, or horse swipes. People really are afraid to find out just how much hardship and poverty they can stand. They are afraid to find out how tough they are. Nothing can destroy the good writer. The only thing that can alter the

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good writer is death. Good ones don't have time to bother with success or getting rich. Success is feminine and like a woman; if you cringe before her, she will override you. So the way to treat her is to show her the back of your hand. Then maybe she will do the crawling.

INTERVIEWER: Can working for the movies hurt your own writing?

FAULKNER: Nothing can injure a man's writing if he's a first-rate writer. If a man is not a first-rate writer, there's not anything can help it much. . . .

INTERVIEWER: . . . Is the writer under any obligation to his reader?

FAULKNER: His obligation is to get the work done the best he can do it; whatever obligation he has left over after that he can spend any way he likes. I myself am too busy to care about the public. I have no time to wonder who is reading me. I don't care about John Doe's opinion on my or anyone else's work. Mine is the standard which has to be met, which is when the work makes me feel the way I do when I read "*La Tentation de Saint Antoine*," or the Old Testament. They make me feel good. So does watching a bird make me feel good. You know that if I were reincarnated, I'd want to come back a buzzard. Nothing hates him or envies him or wants him or needs him. He is never bothered . . . and he can eat anything.

INTERVIEWER: What technique do you use to arrive at your standard?

FAULKNER: Let the writer take up surgery or bricklaying if he is interested in technique. There is no mechanical way to get the writing done, no short cut. The young writer would be a fool to follow a theory. Teach yourself by your own mistakes; people learn only by error. The good artist believes that nobody is good enough to give him advice. He has supreme vanity. No matter how much he admires the old writer, he wants to beat him.

INTERVIEWER: Then would you deny the validity of technique?

FAULKNER: By no means. Sometimes technique charges in and takes command of the dream before the writer himself can get his hands on it. That is *tour de force* and the finished work is simply a matter of fitting bricks neatly together, since the writer knows probably every single word right to the end before he puts the first one down. This happened with "As I Lay Dying." It was not easy. No honest work is. It was simple in that all the material was already at hand. It took me just about six weeks in the spare time from a twelve-hour-a-day job at manual labor. I simply imagined a group of people and subjected them to the simple universal natural catastrophes, which are flood and fire, with a simple natural motive to give direction to their progress. But then, when technique does not intervene, in another sense writing is easier too. Because with me there is always a point in the book where the characters themselves rise up and take charge and finish the job—say somewhere about page 275. Of course I don't know what would happen if I finished the book on page 274. The quality an artist must have is objectivity in judging his work, plus the honesty and courage not to kid himself about it. Since none of my work has met my own standards, I must judge it on the basis of that one which caused me the most grief and anguish, as the mother loves the child who became the thief or murderer more than the one who became the priest.

INTERVIEWER: What work is that?

FAULKNER: "The Sound and the Fury." I wrote it five separate times, trying to tell the story, to rid myself of the dream which would continue to anguish me until I did. . . . It's the book I feel tenderest towards. I couldn't leave it alone, and I never could tell it right, though I tried hard and would like to try again, though I'd probably fail again. . . .

INTERVIEWER: Are there any artistic advantages in casting the novel in the form of an allegory, as the Christian allegory you used in "A Fable"?

FAULKNER: Same advantage the carpenter finds in building square corners in order to build a square house. In *A Fable* the Christian allegory was the right allegory to use in that particular story, like an oblong square corner is the right corner with which to build an oblong rectangular house.

INTERVIEWER: Does that mean an artist can use Christianity simply as just another tool, as a carpenter would borrow a hammer?

FAULKNER: The carpenter we are speaking of never lacks that hammer. No one is without Christianity, if we agree on what we mean by the word. It is every individual's individual code of behavior by means of which he makes himself a better human being than his nature wants to be, if he followed his nature only. Whatever its symbol—cross or crescent or whatever—that symbol is man's reminder of his duty inside the human race. Its various allegories are the charts against which he measures himself and learns to know what he is. It cannot teach man to be good as the textbook teaches him mathematics. It shows him how to discover himself, evolve for himself a moral code and standard within his capacities and aspirations, by giving him a matchless example of suffering and sacrifice and the promise of hope. Writers have always drawn, and always will draw, upon the allegories of moral consciousness, for the reason that the allegories are matchless. . . .

INTERVIEWER: How much of your writing is based on personal experience?

FAULKNER: I can't say. I never counted up. Because "how much" is not important. A writer needs three things, experience, observation, and imagination, any two of which, at times any one of which, can supply the lack of the others. With me, a story usually begins with a single idea or memory or mental picture. The writing of the story is simply a matter of working up to that moment, to explain why it happened or what it caused to follow. A writer is trying to create believable people in credible moving situations in the most moving way he can. Obviously he must use as one of his tools the environment which he knows. I would say that music is the easiest

GRANDFATHER'S was not even the first automobile to see Jefferson or vice versa. It was not even the first one to inhabit Jefferson. Two years before, one had driven all the way down from Memphis, making the eighty-mile trip in less than three days. Then it rained, and the car stayed in Jefferson two weeks, during which time we almost had no electric lights at all; nor, if the livery stable had depended solely on Boon, no public transportation either. Because Mr. Buffaloe was the man—the one man, the sole human being nearer than Memphis who knew how to—who kept the steam-driven electric plant running; and from the moment the automobile indicated that it was not going any further, at least today, Mr. Buffaloe and Boon were inseparable from it like two shadows, a big one and a little one—the hulking giant smelling of ammonia and harness oil, and the little grease-covered soot-colored man with eyes like two bluebird feathers moulted onto a small lump of coal, who would barely have tipped a hundred pounds with all his (the city's too) tools in his pockets—the one motionless, staring at the car with a kind of incredulous yearning, like a fixed bull; the other dreaming at it, gentle, tender, his grimed hand gentle as a woman's as he touched it, stroked it, caressed it, then the next moment plunged to the hips under the raised bonnet.

—*From* "The Reivers."

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means in which to express, since it came first in man's experience and history. But since words are my talent, I must try to express clumsily in words what the pure music would have done better. That is, music would express better and simpler, but I prefer to use words, as I prefer to read rather than listen. I prefer silence to sound, and the image produced by words occurs in silence. That is, the thunder and the music of the prose take place in silence.

INTERVIEWER: Some people say they can't understand your writing, even after they read it two or three times. What approach would you suggest?

FAULKNER: Read it four times.

INTERVIEWER: You mentioned experience, observation, and imagination as being important for the writer. Would you include inspiration?

FAULKNER: I don't know anything about inspiration, because I don't know what inspiration is—I've heard about it, but I never saw it.

INTERVIEWER: As a writer you are said to be obsessed with violence.

FAULKNER: That's like saying the carpenter is obsessed with his hammer. Violence is simply one of the carpenter's tools. The writer can no more build with one tool than the carpenter can.

INTERVIEWER: Can you say how you started as a writer?

FAULKNER: I was living in New Orleans, doing whatever kind of work was necessary to earn a little money now and then. I met Sherwood Anderson. We would walk about the city in the afternoon and talk to people. In the evenings we would meet again and sit over a bottle or two while he talked and I listened. In the forenoon I would never see him. He was secluded, working. The next day we would repeat. I decided that if that was the life of a writer, then becoming a writer was the thing for me. So I began to write my first book. At once I found that writing was fun. I even forgot that I hadn't seen Mr. Anderson for three weeks until he walked in my door, the first time he ever came to see me, and said, "What's wrong? Are you mad at me?" I told him I was writing a book. He said, "My God," and walked out. When I finished the book—it was "Soldier's Pay"—I met Mrs. Anderson on the street. She asked how the book was going, and I said I'd finished it. She said, "Sherwood says that he will make a trade with you. If he doesn't have to read your manuscript he will tell his publisher to accept it." I said, "Done." . . .

INTERVIEWER: Do you read your contemporaries?

FAULKNER: No, the books I read are the ones I knew and loved when I was a young man and to which I return as you do to old friends: the Old Testament, Dickens, Conrad, Cervantes—"Don Quixote." I read that every year, as some do the Bible. Flaubert, Balzac—he created an intact world of his own, a bloodstream running through twenty books—Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Shakespeare. I read Melville occasionally, and of the poets Marlowe, Campion, Jonson, Herrick, Donne, Keats, and Shelley. I still read Housman. I've read these books so often that I don't always begin at page one and read on to the end. I just read one scene, or about one character, just as you'd meet and talk to a friend for a few minutes.

INTERVIEWER: And Freud?

FAULKNER: Everybody talked about Freud when I lived in New Orleans, but I have never read him. Neither did Shakespeare. I doubt if Melville did either, and I'm sure Moby Dick didn't.

INTERVIEWER: And how about the function of the critics?

FAULKNER: The artist doesn't have time to listen to the critics. The ones who want to be writers read the reviews, the ones who want to write don't have the time to read reviews. The critic too is trying to say "Kilroy was here." His function is not directed toward the artist himself. The artist is a cut above the critic, for the artist is writing something which will move the critic. The critic is writing something

Faulkner's Nobel Prize Speech

STOCKHOLM, *December 10, 1950.*

I FEEL that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood alone and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

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which will move everybody but the artist.

INTERVIEWER: So you never feel the need to discuss your work with anyone?

FAULKNER: No, I am too busy writing it. It has got to please me and if it does I don't need to talk about it. If it doesn't please me, talking about it won't improve it, since the only thing to improve it is to work on it some more. I am not a literary man but only a writer. I don't get any pleasure from talking shop. . . .

INTERVIEWER: Could you explain . . . what you mean by motion in relation to the artist?

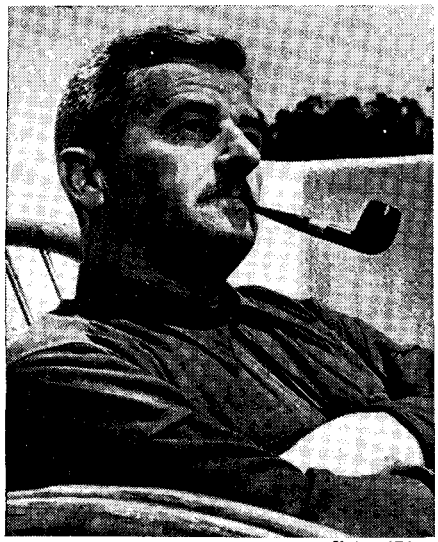
FAULKNER: The aim of every artist is to arrest motion, which is life, by artificial means and hold it fixed so that a hundred years later, when a stranger looks at it, it moves again since it is life. Since man is mortal, the only immortality possible for him is to leave something behind him that is immortal since it will always move. This is the artist's way of scribbling "Kilroy was here" on the wall of the final and irrevocable oblivion through which he must someday pass. . . .

INTERVIEWER: [Malcolm] Cowley says you find it hard to create characters between the ages of twenty and and forty who are sympathetic.

FAULKNER: People between twenty and forty are not sympathetic. The child has the capacity to do but it can't know. It only knows when it is no longer able to do—after forty. Between twenty and forty the will of the child to do gets stronger, more dangerous, but it has not begun to learn to know yet. Since his capacity to do is forced into channels of evil through environment and pressures, man is strong before he is moral. The world's anguish is caused by people between twenty and forty. The people around my home who have caused all the interracial tension—the Milams and the Bryants (in the Emmet Till murder) and the gangs of Negroes who grab a white woman and rape her in revenge, the Hitlers, Napoleons, Lenins—all these people are symbols of human suffering and anguish, all of them between twenty and forty.

INTERVIEWER: You gave a statement to the papers at the time of the Emmet Till killing. Have you anything to add to it here?

FAULKNER: No, only to repeat what I said before: that if we Americans are to survive it will have to be because we choose and elect and defend to be first of all Americans; to present to the world one homogeneous and unbroken front, whether of white Americans or black ones or purple or blue or green. Maybe the purpose of this sorry and tragic error committed in my native Mississippi by two white adults on an afflicted Negro child is to prove to us whether or not we deserve to survive. Because if we in America have reached that point in our desperate culture when we must murder children, no matter for what reason or what color, we don't deserve to survive, and probably won't.



Eriss (Pix).

". . . a kind of keystone in the universe."

INTERVIEWER: What happened to you between "Soldier's Pay" and "Sartoris"—that is, what caused you to begin the Yoknapatawpha saga?

FAULKNER: With "Soldier's Pay" I found out writing was fun. But I found out afterward that not only each book had to have a design but the whole output or sum of an artist's work had to have a design. With "Soldier's Pay" and "Mosquitoes" I wrote for the sake of writing because it was fun. Beginning with "Sartoris" I discovered that my own little postage stamp of native soil was worth writing about and that I would never live long enough to exhaust it, and that by sublimating the actual into the apocryphal I would have complete liberty to use whatever talent I might have to its absolute top. It opened up a gold mine of other people, so I created a cosmos of my own. I can move these people around like God, not only in space but in time too. The fact that I have moved my characters around in time successfully, at least in my own estimation, proves to me my own theory that time is a fluid condition which has no existence except in the momentary avatars of individual people. There is no such thing as *was* —only *is*. If *was* existed, there would be no grief or sorrow. I like to think of the world I created as being a kind of keystone in the universe; that, small as that keystone is, if it were ever taken away the universe itself would collapse. My last book will be the Doomsday Book, the Golden Book, of Yoknapatawpha County. Then I shall break the pencil and I'll have to stop.

. . . AND HE we must just stay awake and see evil done for a little while its not always and i it doesnt have to be even that long for a man of courage and he do you consider that courage and I yes sir dont you and he every man is the arbiter of his own virtues whether or not you consider it courageous is of more importance than the act itself than any act otherwise you could not be in earnest and i you dont believe i am serious and he i think you are too serious to give me any cause for alarm you wouldnt have felt driven to the expedient of telling me you have committed incest otherwise and i i wasnt lying i wasnt lying and he you wanted to sublimate a piece of natural human folly into a horror and then exorcise it with truth and i it was to isolate her out of the loud world so that it would have to flee us of necessity and then the sound of it would be as though it had never been and he did you try to make her do it and i i was afraid she might and then it wouldnt have done any good but if i could tell you we did it would have been so and then the others wouldnt be so and then the world would roar away and he and now this other you are not lying now either but you are still blind to what is in yourself to that part of general truth the sequence of natural events and their causes which shadows every mans brow even benjys you are not thinking of finitude you are contemplating an apotheosis in which a temporary state of mind will become symmetrical above the flesh and aware both of itself and of the flesh it will not quite discard you will not even be dead and i temporary and he you cannot bear to think that someday it will no longer hurt you like this now were getting at it you seem to regard it merely as an experience that will whiten your hair overnight so to speak without altering your appearance . . .

—*From "The Sound and the Fury."*

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The Writer in Critical Perspective

MR. FAULKNER has come out at the further end of both Puritanism and anti-Puritanism, and in the dry light of complete objectivity weighs his subjects for their pound or ounce of life with no predilection for "ought," no interest in "why," and no concern for significance. He is cruel with a cool and interested cruelty; he hates his Mississippi and his Memphis and all their works, with a hatred that is neither passionate nor the result of thwarting, but calm, reasoned, and complete.

—*Henry Seidel Canby* (1932), *in* The Saturday Review.

WILLIAM FAULKNER is really a traditional moralist, in the best sense. One principle holds together his thirteen books of prose—including his new novel, "The Wild Palms"—giving his work unity and giving it, at times, the significance that belongs to great myth. That principle is the Southern social-economic-ethical tradition which Mr. Faulkner possesses naturally, as a part of his sensibility.

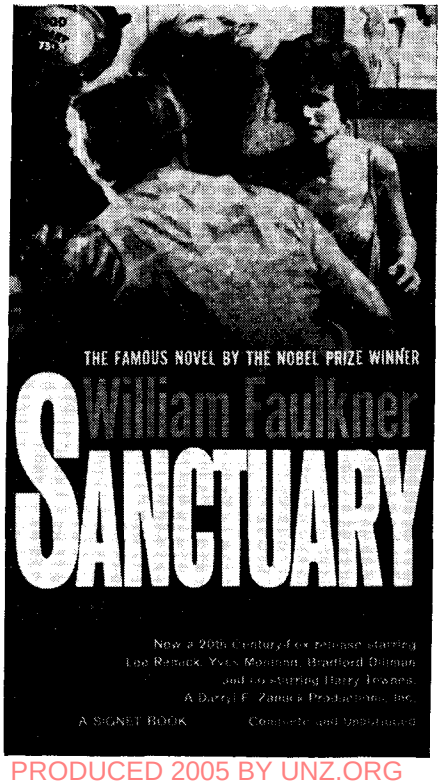
However, Mr. Faulkner is a traditional man in a modern South. All around him the antitraditional forces are at work; and he lives among evidences of their past activity. He could not fail to be aware of them. It is not strange, then, that his novels are, primarily, a series of related myths (or aspects of a single myth) built around the conflict between traditionalism and the antitraditional modern world in which it is immersed.

—*George Marion O'Donnell* (1939), *in "Three Decades of Criticism," edited by Frederic J. Hoffman and Olga W. Vickery. Excerpts reprinted by permission of Michigan State University Press.*

LIKE HAWTHORNE, Faulkner is a solitary worker by choice, and he has done great things not only with double the pains to himself that they might have cost if produced in more genial circumstances, but sometimes also with double the pains to the reader. Two or three of his books as a whole and many of them in part are awkward experiments. All of them are full of overblown words like "imponderable," "immortal," "immutable," and "immemorial" that he would have used with more discretion, or not at all, if he had followed Hemingway's example and served an apprenticeship to an older writer. He is a most uncertain judge of his own work, and he has no reason to believe that the world's judgment of it is any more to be trusted; indeed, there is no American author who would be justified in feeling more suspicion of "a want in the public taste of a sense of the proportion of things." His early novels were overpraised, usually for the wrong reasons; his later and in many ways better novels have been obstinately condemned or simply neglected. . . .

Even his warm admirers, of whom there are many—no author has a higher standing among his fellow novelists—have sometimes shown a rather vague idea of what he is trying to do; and Faulkner himself has never explained. He holds a curious attitude toward the public that appears to be lofty indifference (as in the one preface he wrote, for the Modern Library edition of "Sanctuary"), but really comes closer to being a mixture of skittery distrust and pure unconsciousness that the public exists. He doesn't furnish information or correct misstatements about himself (most of the biographical sketches that deal with him are full of preposterous errors). He doesn't care which way his name is spelled in the records, with or without the "u"—"Either way suits me," he said. Once he has finished a book, he is apparently not concerned with the question how it will be presented, to what sort of audience; and sometimes he doesn't bother to keep a private copy of it. He said in a letter, "I think I have written a lot and sent it off to print before I actually realized strangers might read it."

—*Malcolm Cowley* (1946), *in "Three Decades of Criticism."*



IT IS TRUE that the most important strain of humor in Faulkner's work is derived from the tradition of frontier humor (though it is probable that he got it from the porches of country stores and the courthouse yards of county-seat towns and not from any book), and it is true that the most spectacular displays of Faulkner's humor are of this order—for example, the "Spotted Horses" episode from "The Hamlet" or the story "Was." But there are other strains which might be distinguished and investigated. For example, there is a kind of Dickensian humor. . . . There is a subdued humor, sometimes shading into pathos, in the treatment of some of the Negro characters and in their dialogue. And there is an irony ranging from that in the scene in "Sanctuary" where Miss Reba, the madam, in offended decency keeps telling Temple, "Lie down and cover up your nekkidness," while the girl talks with Benbow, to that in the magnificently sustained monologue of Jason at the end of "The Sound and the Fury."

In any case, humor in Faulkner's work is never exploited for its own sake. It is regularly used as an index, as a lead,

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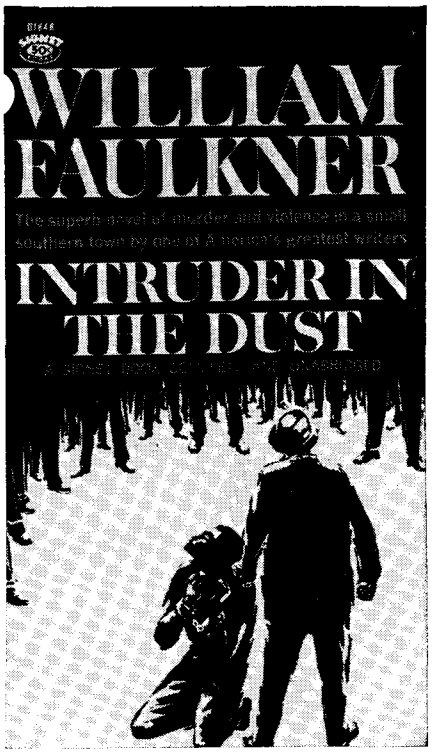


to other effects. The humor in itself may be striking, but Faulkner is not a humorist in the sense, say, that Mark Twain is. His humor is but one perspective on the material and it is never a final perspective. . . .

—*Robert Penn Warren* (1946), *in "Three Decades of Criticism."*

Mr. Faulkner may be a great many things—he is seldom, if ever, dull. He can be clotted and confused, but his writing, at its best, has an hallucinative power which keeps one reading, like a man in the toils of a nightmare. . . .

—*Stephen Vincent Benét* (1940), *in* The Saturday Review.

Overelaborate they certainly are, baroque and involuted in the extreme, these sentences: trailing clauses, one after another, shadowily in apposition, or perhaps not even with so much connection as that; parenthesis after parenthesis, the parenthesis itself often containing one or more parentheses—they remind one of those brightly colored Chinese eggs of one's childhood, which when opened disclosed egg after egg, each smaller and subtler than the last. It is as if Mr. Faulkner, in a sort of hurried despair, had decided to try to tell us everything, absolutely everything, every last origin or source or quality or qualification, and every possible future or permutation as well, in one terrifically concentrated effort: each sentence to be, as it were, a microcosm. And it must be admitted that the practice is annoying and distracting.

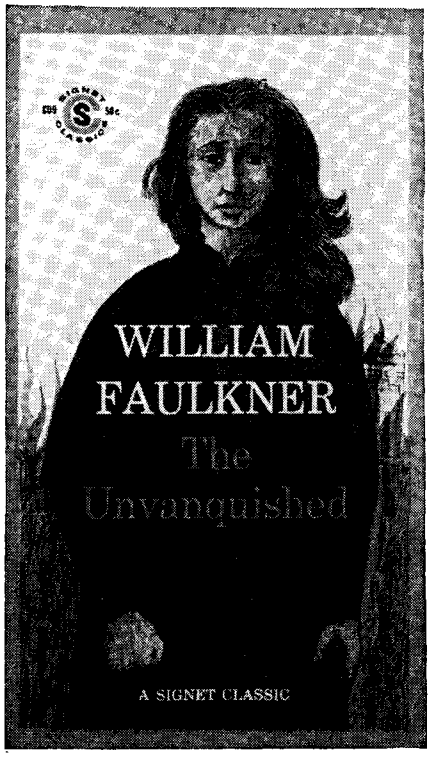
It is annoying, at the end of a sentence, to find that one does not know in the least what was the subject of the verb that dangles *in vacuo*—it is distracting to have to go back and sort out the meaning, track down the structure from clause to clause, then only to find that after all it doesn't much matter, and that the obscurity was perhaps neither subtle nor important. And to the extent that one *is* annoyed and distracted, and *does* thus go back and work it out, it may be at once added that Mr. Faulkner has defeated his own ends. One has had, of course, to emerge from the stream, and to step away from it, in order properly to see it; and as Mr. Faulkner works precisely by a process of *immersion*, of hypnotizing his reader into *remaining immersed* in his stream, this occasional blunder produces irritation and failure.

Nevertheless, despite the blunders, and despite the bad habits and the wilful bad writing (and wilful it obviously is), the style as a whole is extraordinarily effective; the reader *does* remain immersed, *wants* to remain immersed, and it is interesting to look into the reasons for this. And at once, if one considers these queer sentences not simply by themselves, as monsters of grammar or awkwardness, but in their relation to the book as a whole, one sees a functional reason and necessity for their being as they are. They parallel in a curious and perhaps inevitable way, and not without esthetic justification, the whole elaborate method of *deliberately withheld meaning*, of progressive and partial and delayed disclosure, which so often gives the characteristic shape to the novels themselves. It is a persistent offering of obstacles, a calculated system of screens and obtrusions, of confusions and ambiguous interpolations and delays, with one express purpose; and that purpose is simply to keep the form—and the idea—fluid and unfinished, still in motion, as it were, and unknown, until the dropping into place of the very last syllable.

What Mr. Faulkner is after, in a sense, is a *continuum*. He wants a medium without stops or pauses, a medium which is always *of the moment*, and of which the passage from moment to moment is as fluid and undetectable as in the life itself which he is purporting to give. It is all inside and underneath, or as seen from within and below; the reader must therefore be steadily *drawn in*; he must be powerfully and unremittingly hypnotized inward and downward to that image-stream; and this suggests, perhaps, a reason not only for the length and elaborateness of the sentence structure, but for the repetitiveness as well. The repetitiveness, and the steady iterative emphasis—like a kind of chanting or invocation—on certain relatively abstract words ("sonorous, latin, *vaguely* eloquent"), have the effect at last of producing, for Mr. Faulkner, a special language, a conglomerate of his own, which he uses with an astonishing virtuosity, and which, although in detailed analysis it may look shoddy, is actually for his purpose a life stream of almost miraculous adaptability.

—*Conrad Aiken* (1939), *in "Three Decades of Criticism."*

Faulkner's search for the most expressive way of representing his characters leads him to try all kinds of literary technique. Sometimes he finds models in the work of his contemporaries: a choral procedure, more or less *unanimiste*; interior monologues which are halfway individual and halfway collective (as in "Soldiers' Pay"); a succession of personal angles of vision (as in "As I Lay Dying" and "The Sound and the Fury"); impressionist and expressionist techniques inspired by the cinema or Dos Passos, as in "Pylon." In all of these manners he pursues his own proper object, the direct communication of a complex and sorrowful human reality, in respect to which he feels nothing like artistic detachment. . . . Faulkner is usually concerned with a scene of no more than three or four characters, though there is often a vague hint of epic themes in the background. When he cares to,



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however, he shows extraordinary skill in his treatment of a multitude. In these scenes the rhythm of his symbolism changes: a sign here, a hint there, given in rapid succession, help both to bring individuals to life and vividly to present the group with its group tics and automatisms.

—*Jean Jacques Mayoux*, (1952), *in "Three Decades of Criticism."*

IT HAS BEEN generally recognized that the purpose of some of Faulkner's structural complexities is to keep his material in a state of flux or suspension. But it has also generally been thought and argued or assumed that these suspensions are finally resolved, that by the ends of the novels the jig-saw picture puzzle integers do fall into place. There is much evidence, I think, that Faulkner is willing and even anxious to leave most of them in a high degree of suspension, or at least a suspension that cannot be resolved in logical or rational terms. Nor has it been recognized how very much his moment to moment presentation of experience involves a juxtaposition of elements which do not seem to fit together and which to some degree resist synthesis or resolution. . . .

Particularly indicative of Faulkner's intentions, I think, is the fact that when he does present explicit interpretations of events or analytic commentaries on them he always takes pains to make them either suspect, inconclusive, or incoherent. On many occasions he will narrate or describe an action in perfectly conventional and logical sequence, but his interpretive or philosophic passages are almost invariably disordered. I think we can go so far as to say that the more explanatory or intellectual the content, the less the coherence. The dominant characteristic, in fact, of Faulkner's intellectuals—and it is they, of course, who offer most of the interpretations—is their tendency to be incoherent. . . .

Probably the most crucial indication of Faulkner's intentions is the fact that the endings of all his novels not only fail to resolve many of the tensions and meanings provided in the novels but also seem carefully designed to prevent such resolution. Above all, they leave unresolved the question of the meaningfulness of the human efforts and suffering we have witnessed, whether the sound and the fury is part of some larger design or whether it has signified nothing in an essentially meaningless universe.

—*Walter J. Slatoff* (1957), *in "Three Decades of Criticism."*

I AM AFRAID that the absurdity Faulkner finds in human life was originally placed there by him. Not that life is not absurd, but that it has an absurdity different from what Faulkner ascribes to it.

Why have Faulkner and so many other writers chosen this particular absurdity, which is so far from the creative imagination and from truth? We must look for the reason in the social conditions of our present life. Faulkner's despair seems to me to be anterior to his metaphysic; for him, as for all of us, the future is barred. All that we see, all that we live through, incites us to say: "It can't last much longer"; we cannot, however, conceive of any change but a violent one. We live in a time of incredible revolutions, and Faulkner uses his extraordinary art to describe a world dying of old age, with us gasping and choking in it.

—*Jean-Paul Sartre* (1939), *in "Three Decades of Criticism."*

FAULKNER'S world is grim—a world in which the past exerts an irresistible force, but against which there is no supernatural sanction, no redeeming belief. He believes in original sin, but not in divine love, and he is endlessly bemused by the human effort to read fate or to avoid it. The highest reach of his belief is the effort to become "a saint without God". . . .

—*Alfred Kazin* (1958), *in "Three Decades of Criticism."*

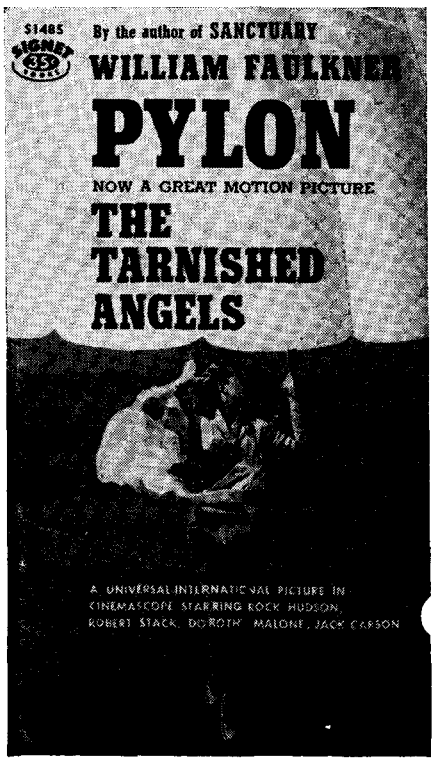
WHEN FAULKNER has a subject extreme enough in its horror and abnormality, his style is measured, under control, and directed at the specific description of specific things. His writing is genuinely poetic and exact, his delaying obscuring method of presentation is matched and required by the nature of the story, and he has no need of the hysterical passion and the rapturous denunciation of Life in his style because the subject is sufficient unto the evil. The reader is left to respond to the subject without the author's obsessive coaching.

When the subject does not justify the author's horror, the devices of style become clumsiness and tricks, the writing is a stale version of the Swinburnian high poetic, and worst of all the style becomes purple, empty of specific objects, and sometimes insufferably periodic.

—*Delmore Schwartz* (1941), *in* Southern Review.

HOW SHALL the artist better show the universal debasement of modern times than to turn the pure Lady into the contemporary Female, now wanton, graceless and degraded? . . . How shall the artist more aptly convey his total protest than to portray the Female source of life as itself inherently vicious? And as the last step in his sequence of discontent, Faulkner mates the Female with the Negro, the savage as Faulkner feels for whom the southern Lady was sacrificed, and spawns out of his modern union the colored degenerate who is to reign supreme, the moronic emperor of the future.

As against his discontent, we have now reached the complex of that double childhood in which apparently the positive emotions of Faulkner are caught: by contrast, all his affection, hope, and sense of human grandeur. . . . And beneath his personal emphasis on childhood values, and reinforcing it, there is Faulkner's involvement with a cultural past, with the birth and early growth of all those southern aristocratic values which the Civil War and the modern industrial age were to shatter —his involvement, as it were, with the youth of his southern society itself which never came to its destined maturity, which was cut off in its own early blossoming. . . . For the meaning of Faulkner's work comes directly out of that whole web of historical southern emotionalism which colors the thought even of so fine a traditionalist as Allen Tate and so extreme a rebel as Thomas Wolfe. . . . The symbolism in Faulkner comes, as it were, out of a cultural psychosis of which his work manifests the extreme hallucinations, but which still colors the dreams of those who seem most free of it. In his total rejection of the modern South,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WILLIAM FAULKNER
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THE TARNISHED ANGELS
A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE IN CINEMASCOPE STARRING ROCK HUDSON, ROBERT STACK, DOROTHY MALONE, JACK CARSON

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portraying it only in terms of bestiality, Faulkner is held by the historical southern myth as surely as that great-grandfather of his, whose "White Rose of Memphis" would now find itself blooming from such strange soil. The great-grandson is perhaps the greater romanticist. For while his ancestor delineated the graces of an age which never quite existed, Faulkner is caught by one which now can never possibly exist. And we may now say that Faulkner's characters never grow up because there is no world for them to grow up into.

—*Maxwell Geismar* (1942), in "*Writ-*
.. ers in Crisis" *(Houghton Mifflin).*

IN HIS Nobel Prize address Faulkner drove home the lesson that just as he is more than a writer about vice and violence, so he is more than a Southern writer. He dares talk as few people do these days, of universal truths, proclaiming that it is universality he has fought for. And it is universality, or at any rate something of broad and enduring significance, that he has achieved. But he has achieved it by way of the South. What he knows of the human heart he learned in the South. And in rendering what he knows he has given a picture of the South. It is a picture, I suppose, that has caused more than one Southerner to flinch, but it contains much good as well as much evil, and we can begin to see now that the good predominates.

—*Granville Hicks* (1961), *in* Georgia Review.

WHEREIN his special gift is most brilliantly shown, what he can make come alive most vividly, is an experience—just that, an experience which the reader feels as if it were his own, independent of the person in the book it is attached to, who is there only to give it a locality. There is no feeling necessarily of sympathy with the character or even of understanding him, but only of being oneself put through that suspense, that terror, that remorse.

—*Edith Hamilton* (1952),
in The Saturday Review.

LIKE DICKENS, Faulkner is primarily . . . a sentimental writer; not a writer with the occasional vice of sentimentality, but one whose basic mode of experience is sentimental, in an age when the serious "alienated" writer emblazons antisentimentality on his coat of arms. In a writer whose very method is self-indulgence, that sentimentality becomes sometimes downright embarrassing, as in the stories of World War II, . . . "Two Soldiers," etc., in which the soupiest clichés of self-sacrifice and endurance are shamelessly worked; he is not above

National Book Award Address

NEW YORK CITY, *January 25, 1955.*

BY ARTIST I mean of course everyone who has tried to create something which was not here before him, with no other tools and material than the uncommerciable ones of the human spirit; who has tried to carve, no matter how crudely, on the wall of that final oblivion, in the tongue of the human spirit, "Kilroy was here."

That is primarily, and I think in its essence, all that we ever really tried to do. And I believe we will all agree that we failed. That what we made never quite matched and never will match the shape, the dream of perfection which we inherited and which drove us and will continue to drive us, even after each failure, until anguish frees us and the hand falls still at last.

Maybe it's just as well that we are doomed to fail, since, as long as we do fail and the hand continues to hold blood, we will try again; where, if we ever did attain the dream, match the shape, scale that ultimate peak of perfection, nothing would remain but to jump off the other side of it into suicide. Which would not only deprive us of our American right to existence, not only inalienable but harmless too, since by our standards, in our culture, the pursuit of art is a peaceful hobby like breeding Dalmations, it would leave refuse in the form of, at best indigence and at worst downright crime resulting from unexhausted energy, to be scavenged and removed and disposed of. While this way, constantly and steadily occupied by, obsessed with, immersed in trying to do the impossible, faced always with the failure which we decline to recognize and accept, we stay out of trouble, keep out of the way of the practical and busy people who carry the burden of America.

So all are happy—the giants of industry and commerce, the manipulators for profit or power of the mass emotions called government, who carry the tremendous load of geopolitical solvency, the two of which conjoined are America; and the harmless breeders of the spotted dogs (unharmed too, protected, immune in the inalienable right to exhibit our dogs to one another for acclaim, and even to the public too; defended in our right to collect from them at the rate of five or ten dollars for the special signed editions, and even in the thousands to special fanciers named Picasso or Matisse).

Then something like this happens—like this, here, this afternoon; not just once and not even just once a year. Then that anguished breeder discovers that not only his fellow breeders, who must support their mutual vocation in a sort of mutual desperate defensive confederation, but other people, people whom he had considered outsiders, also hold that what he is doing is valid. And not only scattered individauls who hold his doings valid, but enough of them to confederate in their turn, for no mutual benefit of profit or defense but simply because they also believe it is not only valid but important that man should write on that wall "Man was here also A.D. 1953 or '54 or '55," and so go on record like this this afternoon.

To tell not the individual artist but the world, the time itself, that what he did is valid. That even failure is worthwhile and admirable, provided only that the failure is splendid enough, the dream splendid enough, unattainable enough yet forever valuable enough, since it was of perfection.

So when this happens to him (or to one of his fellows; it doesn't matter which one, since all share the validation of the mutual devotion) the thought occurs that perhaps one of the things wrong with our country is success. That there is too much success in it. Success is too easy. In our country a young man can gain it with no more than a little industry. He can gain it so quickly and easily that he has not had time to learn the humility to handle it with, or even to discover, realize that he will need humility.

—WILLIAM FAULKNER.

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the crassest "happy endings," stage-managing creakily the fullfillments that we had hoped for against all logic and probability. . . . We are inclined to believe, if we accept the stereotypes, that the grotesque in Dickens is almost exclusively comic, while the same element in Faulkner is invariably horrible. But Dickens has won increasing recognition as a sober exploiter of irrational evil, and attempts have been made to establish Faulkner as a humorist. There are various kinds of humor in Faulkner, the most common "pure" form being the bargaining story, with the climax of the trickster tricked. But precisely as in Dickens, there is no clear line between the horrible and the funny; it is all what we would call in our newest vocabulary "the absurd."

—Leslie Fiedler (1950), *in* Commentary

FAULKNER'S INABILITY to achieve moral depth in his portraiture of young women clearly indicates a major failing as a novelist. It is an instance where his reliance on the folk imagination, fruitful though it usually is, plays him false. But even as it leads to a tedious sameness and predictability of characterization, the distrust of women serves a symbolic function in the unfolding of his work. Women are this-worldly sex, the childbearers who chain men to possessions and embody the indestructible urge to racial survival. As the personification of the reality principle, they contrive to perpetuate the species no matter what dreams or destruction men indulge in. Faulkner's men, like Melville's, are happiest when they "get away," escaping to the woods for a few weeks of female-less companionship. His women are happiest—or, since Faulkner might say that to them happiness does not matter, they are most content—when men are subdued to their social tasks.

Nature and society, freedom and women, form the opening terms of Faulkner's moral dialectic. It is this inescapable clash between polar elements of human experience that releases much of the Faulkner drama and the violence accompanying the drama. Far from relishing violence for its own sake, Faulkner is a fastidious romantic who shrinks from all that is malformed and vicious; the horror into which his books erupt is a sign of over-reaction, of nerves torn loose. As it flames into violence, this conflict between the dream evoked by nature and the reality personified by society gives rise to Faulkner's moral position, his distinctive way of looking upon life.

—Irving Howe, in "William Faulkner: A Critical Study." Copyright, 1952, by Irving Howe. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

Books by William Faulkner

	TITLE	ORIGINAL PUBLISHER	CURRENT PUBLISHER
1924	"The Marble Faun" (poetry)	Four Seas Co.	out of print
1926	"Soldiers' Pay"	Boni & Liveright	Liveright, New American Library*
1927	"Mosquitoes"	Boni & Liveright	Liveright, Dell*
1929	"Sartoris"	Harcourt, Brace	Random House, New American Library*
1929	"The Sound and the Fury"	Cape & Smith†	Vintage*, New American Library*, Modern Library
1930	"As I Lay Dying"	Cape & Smith	Modern Library* (with "The Sound and the Fury")
1931	"Sanctuary"	Cape & Smith	Modern Library, New American Library* (with "Requiem for a Nun")
1931	"Idyll in the Desert"	Random House	out of print
1931	"These Thirteen" (stories)	Cape & Smith	out of print
1932	"Miss Zilphia Gant"	Book Club of Texas	out of print
1932	"Light in August"	Smith & Haas‡	Modern Library
1932	"Salmagundi"	Casanova Press	out of print
1932	"This Earth, a Poem"	Equinox Cooperative Press	out of print
1933	"A Green Bough"	Smith & Haas	out of print
1934	"Dr. Martino & Other Stories"	Smith & Haas	out of print
1935	"Pylon"	Smith & Haas	New American Library*
1936	"Absalom, Absalom!"	Random House	Modern Library
1938	"The Unvanquished"	Random House	New American Library*
1939	"The Wild Palms"	Random House	Random House, New American Library*
1940	"The Hamlet"	Random House	Random House, Vintage*
1942	"Go Down Moses, and Other Stories"	Random House	Random House, Modern Library
1948	"Intruder in the Dust"	Random House	Random House, New American Library*
1949	"Knight's Gambit"	Random House	Random House, New American Library*
1950	"Collected Stories of William Faulkner"	Random House	Random House
1951	"Requiem for a Nun"	Random House	Random House, New American Library* (with "Sanctuary")
1953	"Mirrors of Chartres Street"	Faulkner Studies, University of Minn.	out of print
1954	"A Fable"	Random House	Random House
1955	"Big Woods"	Random House	Random House
1957	"The Town"	Random House	Random House, Vintage*
1958	"Uncle Willy and Other Stories"	Chatto, Great Britain	out of print
1958	"Three Famous Short Novels" ("Spotted Horse," "Old Man," "The Bear")	Random House	Random House, Vintage*
1958	"New Orleans Sketches"	Rutgers University Press	Rutgers, Evergreen*
1959	"The Mansion"	Random House	Random House
1961	"Selected Short Stories"	Modern Library	Modern Library
1962	"The Reivers"	Random House	Random House

*Paperback †Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith ‡Harrison Smith & Robert Haas

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Manner of Speaking

ARCHIVES OF AMERICAN ART: I think I may boast that I am the only man on my block married to a woman known to have fallen on her bustle while doing the twist at the Whitney Museum, and therein, thereunder, or at least thereabout hangs a tale.

The occasion of these happy high jinks in the normally sedate art world (well, sometimes sedate, and normally so in a museum) was the Whitney's cork-popping, dance, and exhibition of recent acquisitions for the Friends of the Museum. For the evening, the ground floor of the Whitney became the Happy Cabaret, the champagne flowing free and the band swinging. And should anyone doubt that the calm cool halls of the Whitney can give off so happy a lilt on its festive night, let it be recorded among the minor documents of the Archives of American Art that the same party last year went far toward baffling even the New York Fire Department. This was told me by that good man and good scholar, Lloyd Goodrich, who is the Whitney museum's director.

As above, the party (last year's, that is) was swinging high, and the sounds of revelry by night were spilling out into the stillness of West 54th Street when a fireman walked in on an inspection tour. The conversation went about as follows:

FIREMAN (When Mr. Goodrich was finally located): You in charge here?
GOODRICH: Well, in a way, yes.
FIREMAN: What's this place?
GOODRICH: The Whitney Museum.
FIREMAN: Whitney, huh? You gotta license?
GOODRICH: What sort of license?
FIREMAN: You got no cabaret license?
GOODRICH: This is a private gathering.
FIREMAN: You got no cabaret license?
GOODRICH: As I say, this is a private gathering.
FIREMAN: How come ya serving drinks?
GOODRICH: Let's say it's expected.
FIREMAN: You got no liquor license?
GOODRICH: We are not selling drinks. This is a private gathering.
FIREMAN: Private, huh? What you say this place is?
GOODRICH: The Whitney Museum of American Art.
FIREMAN: (Consulting his clip-board): Whitney . . . Whitney. . . . I got El Morocco. I got 21. I got a lot of them. But I got no Whitney here.
GOODRICH: This is not a night club. It's the Whitney Museum.
FIREMAN: Museum, huh? How long ya been in business.
GOODRICH: Since about 1914.
FIREMAN: 1914 huh? And you got no license all that time?
GOODRICH: This is an annual party for the Friends of the Museum, a once-a-year private gathering.
FIREMAN: Once a year, huh? I better have a look around.
GOODRICH: Have some champagne.
FIREMAN: Champagne, huh? Don't mind if I do. (Glass is brought and he drinks.) 1914, huh? Beats me why you ain't on the list.
GOODRICH: Let me get you a refill. (Hands fresh glass.)
FIREMAN: Yeah, thanks. Mud in yer eye. (Drinks. Looks around.) Nice place ya got here.

AND THE ARCHIVES THEMSELVES: Having submitted this note for the archives, let me take the occasion to note that there actually is a project and an organization called the Archives of American Art whose purpose it is to gather in one place all the documents, original or in reproduction, art scholars of the future will need for their studies in American art. A leading spirit and tireless worker in the project is Mr. Lawrence Fleischman of Detroit, who is also an active member of the advisory committee undertaking the restoration of the art and furnishings of the White House.

Mr. Fleischman has found a happy passion in combining an interest in the travel business with art philanthropy. To my knowledge he is never to be met without some new plans for a conducted tour, the profits of which go to the Archives. The current plan is for an eighteen-day flying tour to the museums of Spain, and the enrollment fee is $1,060, $500 of which will be a contribution to the Archives and deductible. It's just my luck that I am booked solid and nose-to-nose for a lecture tour in October and can't go, but my wife, having allowed me to pull her back onto her feet and having shrugged and shimmied all her incidentals back into place, has announced that she is on her way.

The two of us had a high introduction to Mr. Fleischman's way with a tour when we cruised to the Caribbean in February with the American Cultural Association, another marriage of travel and the arts, in which Mr. Fleischman was joined by Harold Love and Leonard Kasle, two other Detroiters, and certainly among the best company to be found on or above the high seas. (Second, that is, to their wives, who are every bit as charming but who have the unfair advantage of being prettier than their husbands.) I can't put my hand on Lawrence Fleischman's address at the moment, but if anyone is interested in the tour I shall be happy to act as his mail drop. (I've *got* the address: it's just that I never can find anything on this desk. Someone keeps messing it up.)

The next project of the American Cultural Association is a Mississippi river-boat cruise from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back sometime next April or May. As usual, the cruise will include all the normal fun and games of a tourist jaunt, plus a series of lectures by experts in the various arts, plus a traveling show of American paintings.

PLUS A FOOTNOTE: I was in Kansas City, shortly after the Whitney festivities, taping a TV program with Thomas Hart Benton and was surprised to have him point out in one of his paintings (The Jealous Lover) the face of Jackson Pollock (the harmonica player in lower center). "A nice fellow with a real gift for color," Benton said. He was obviously being noncommittal and I could not resist pushing him a litle further. How did Benton feel about Pollock's painting?

His reply self-evidently belongs in the archives that Mr. Fleischman is helping to build and will inevitably fall into many an art historian's footnotes in time to come.

"I," said Benton, "don't believe in dripping paint onto a canvas and then hanging it up to get acquainted with it."

—JOHN CIARDI.

Landscape, Deer Season

By Barbara Howes

SNORTING his pleasure in the dying sun,
The buck surveys his commodious estate,
Not sighting the red nostrils of the gun
Until too late.

He is alone. His body stands stock-still,
Then like a monument it falls to earth;
While the blood-red target-sun, over our hill,
Topples to death.

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Saturday Review

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Counterforce

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by James J. Wadsworth, former U. S. Ambassador to the United Nations and now President of the Peace Research Institute in Washington, D.C. Mr. Wadsworth is also author of the recently published book "The Price of Peace."*

SECRETARY of Defense McNamara, in his speech of June 16 at Ann Arbor, Michigan, gave unmistakable signs of having adopted the counterforce concept as his personal preference from the deterrent policy spectrum. Since his statement may well have been a trial balloon for Administration policy makers to watch, it is important that all of us understand what made it rise.

"Counterforce" roughly means that the emphasis of possible nuclear attacks would be concentrated on military rather than on civilian targets; that both Western and Communist societies would be allowed to remain intact; and that this "acceptable" form of war would allow Americans to survive and pursue their lives, even in a difficult world. It is argued, moreover, that, since nuclear-weapon "know-how" is now broadly spread among antagonistic nations, some kind of a nuclear war is to be expected—this in the face of the claim that counterforce would be a strong deterrent.

Proponents of this theory therefore argue that the only kind of war that *must* be deterred is the total, all out, saturation kind threatened because of the stockpiles of East and West. They say that lesser wars can even be won, given the military limitations which would make them "acceptable." Thus, if we had a weapons system capable of surviving a major atomic strike aimed at *it*, and not at our industrial and population centers, this system would be able to retaliate and make the enemy system too weak for further strikes.

It must be obvious that this counterforce concept rests on certain assumptions. First, since we still insist that we will not conduct an initial preemptive attack, we must assume that the enemy would mount their first strike against our atomic striking force only—that they would not attempt to knock out our major centers of industry and population. Second, we must assume that our striking force would survive the first attack, and, third, that our retaliatory strike would be restricted to the enemy's weapons system. Fourth, we must assume that, if both strikes were reasonably successful, both sides would thereafter act in a rational, calm way so as to minimize wholesale destruction. Above all, we must assume that the enemy would act this way initially out of fear that an all-out attack on their part would bring massive retaliation to their society—whereas they could be sure that a restricted attack on military targets would automatically cause the retaliation to be equally restricted. And finally, we must assume that all these rules of the game would be accepted not only by the present two super powers but also by whatever nth powers might have the bomb by the time war comes.

We thus seem to be mixing our assumptions between the purely military and the psychological. On the one hand we assume that certain things would happen because they make military common sense; on the other we assume that the enemy would be motivated by precisely the same cold logic. I can remember that back in 1951, when I was active in the Federal Civil Defense Administration, there were those who claimed that Washington, D.C., would be exempted from the enemy's target list because they would want to keep the capital intact to preserve high-level Americans for the surrender negotiations. Other claims exempted our largest industrial complexes on the ground that the enemy would prefer not to scorch the earth they wanted to take over. This was of course pure conjecture, and it was fiercely contested by those who claimed that the enemy would realize that, in order to win, they would have to destroy the capacity and will of the American people to wage war, and they would therefore follow the World War II pattern.

Now once again we find an assumption of selectivity of targets among those who believe war to be inevitable, and once again are raised the voices of those who foresee all-out catastrophe. Yet there is still another angle to the assumption game called counterforce. This is that the United States hopes to prevent attacks on cities, once war has begun, by keeping a counter-city capability in reserve but evidently does not think this form of deterrence will work before war begins, to prevent it from beginning.

IT is difficult to understand the logic behind this. Are governments likely to be more rational and self-controlled during a war than during a crisis? There is good reason to imagine that, in a thermonuclear war, rationality would be very precarious. In all previous wars, the generals have had a feel for the weapons they were using when the war began, and even then the wars were unpredictable and the weapons had totally unexpected effects. In a thermonuclear war, there would have been no previous combat experience with warheads, missiles, communications, or men under fire—and there is not much chance that the war would go precisely according to plan.

There has already been a great deal of discussion about irrationality, accident, or miscalculation that could lead to war. The chances of this happening would be much greater in the tense atmosphere of counterforce strategy, and still greater in the midst of war itself. For these reasons, it scarcely seems rational to intensify an explosive situation and speed up the arms race at a time when even the "hard nosed"

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among us are talking arms control if not disarmament.

Based on the assumptions listed above, I am led to the conclusion that counterforce strategy would have an effect very different from that claimed for it.

(1) It would provoke Soviet attack if a crisis should become intense. In fact, the pressures on both sides to strike first would be enormous, because the victim of such a strike would be badly damaged in his capability to retaliate, and in any event a large percentage of the first strike forces would have been fired. In time of crisis, both sides would be desperately afraid of having their missiles caught on the ground.

(2) Even if a war should begin as a counterforce war, with both sides meticulously trying to restrict their targets, it would quickly expand into a war against cities and people. Because many cities are close to missile bases and airfields, it has been estimated that some 30 million Americans would be killed in a first counterforce-type strike. The first bombs to fall would knock out most communications and reconnaissance facilities. Neither government could know whether the other was "playing the game," which forces were still in existence, and what its own men were doing. In such confusion, total war would be almost inescapable.

(3) More than one missile is required to destroy a missile, and the number needed to do so increases as missile sites are hardened, hidden, and dispersed. For that reason, playing the game of counterforce would require each side to multiply its own forces, thus forcing the arms-race spiral upward into the indefinite future. Since a larger and larger percentage of the national product would go into guns instead of butter (as witness the recent Soviet decisions), the pressures would mount both in the economies and in the political systems. This would not be likely to bring the less-wealthy nation to her knees—it would be more likely to goad her into disastrous action out of fear of her own collapse.

The question therefore arises without artificial impulsion: would the counterforce concept in practice be likely to lead to increased security or the exact opposite? My own vote goes toward the latter, not only because of my distrust of the whole theory of deterrence as a permanent and continuing element of "security" policy, but because this particular version of it is so "iffy" as to make it subject to extreme vulnerability. In my book, the counterforce concept goes out of the way to ask for trouble.

—James J. Wadsworth.

Short Strokes

WHEN the United States detonated its night high-altitude shot over the Pacific Ocean, the sky was lit up for hundreds of miles by the man-made sun. For example, it was bright enough for a news photographer to take a long-range photograph of Diamond Head, the craggy peak that has become something of a trademark for the Hawaiian Islands. In Samoa, a reporter for the *New York Times* explained to a horrified native what had caused the night sky suddenly to lose its darkness. The native became pensive. The reporter asked if he had any comment. The native nodded, and then pronounced the most succinct judgment of the event, and perhaps of the age, yet recorded. "White man is crazy," he said.

• • •

A RESEARCH organization has announced that the cash lost each year in the United States amounts to about $75 per capita. By "lost," the research people don't mean bad luck in business investments or bingo or poker or the horses. They use the word "lost" literally; that is, money that falls out of pockets or that is in wallets or purses which are misplaced, etc.

Completely unrelated but not irrelevant is another vital statistic. The total average income for most of the human occupants of this planet comes to about $69 per person. In short, the average American misplaces more money each year than almost anyone else receives.

There is something damnably itchy about these prickly statistics. You feel like scratching but don't quite know where to find the bite. It is like wearing unlined tweed next to the skin; the better the tweed, the more uncomfortable it gets. What do you do about uncherished distinctions? Does a man celebrate the discovery that he has the biggest garbage removal bill in town? Does he congratulate himself on the fact that the drip from his leaky faucet represents more water in one day than the average Asian family in a drought-stricken area will have to drink or use in a month?

Whatever one does or does not do about the jabbing statistics, one thing at least is clear. They don't lend themselves to adjustment. No philosophical formulation, be it ever so sophisticated, can possibly provide the accommodating ointment. The notion that we have to take the world as it is doesn't quite relieve the itch. What do we do? Perhaps we had better go on scratching—at least until we find the bite.

• • •

THERE were headlines about Telstar, but one has a sense that the full significance of the event has yet to be assessed. In fact, few things are more unhappily characteristic of our time than the ease and rapidity with which miracles are assimilated. In the entire history of inventions and scientific advances, Telstar may well be among the first ten. It is the supreme achievement in human communications to date—and nothing is more vital in education or progress in general than proper communications. In Telstar, we now have the means by which the entire planet can share an idea, thrill to a creative achievement, learn instantly of a problem, and respond to a challenge. The fact that a professor in Stockholm may be seen and heard by a store clerk in Singapore at that precise moment is surely one of the most exciting developments in the historical record. Yet people have responded to it on the headline level; that is, the big type and the comprehension of the event have receded at about the same pace. But there are perils in being too blasé or desensitized. The sense of wonder is one of the highest of human gifts. This is not just a matter of being able to make gee-whiz sounds; it is a matter of coming fully alive. And the danger in becoming too casual about a spectacular forward thrust is that the full possibilities of the advance may never be genuinely pursued. For example, if Telstar becomes nothing more than a device for showing "Gunsmoke" simultaneously in six countries, then there may be a good case for shooting it down right now. But if enough minds are ignited by the wondrous possibilities of communicating and exploring big ideas having to do with the human situation on earth, or creating a world-wide audience for genius, then Telstar could become an important light in the sky. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CENTRAL PROBLEM

STUART CHASE'S REVIEW of Herman Kahn's "Thinking About the Unthinkable" [*SR*, June 30] raises a number of questions. For instance, on what pages of "On Thermonuclear War" does Mr. Kahn "assure us" that 60 million dead in a war would be "acceptable"? I read that book with some care, but I regret to say I missed the passages to which Mr. Chase refers. I do recall reading that certain types of attack might result in 60 million dead, or even more, and that the country might recover from such a catastrophe in a few decades, but that is obviously another issue: a description of what could happen, rather than a policy recommendation.

Kahn is taken severely to task for presuming to criticize C. P. Snow's statement to the effect that (among other things) some of the bombs will *certainly* go off within ten years unless the arms race is arrested. Are we to gather from this that Chase agrees with Sir Charles? If so, I suppose he is prepared to adduce proof as to the accuracy of that prediction. The argument that Snow knows as much nuclear physics as Kahn, and is a better humanist, even if true, is irrelevant.

Finally, Chase says that Kahn ignores the "central problem of our age, that nuclear weapons have made war obsolete." It is hard to see the relevancy of such generalizations, or how they can serve any purpose other than to obscure the real dangers which confront us. The weapons exist, and, according to Chase, we are standing on the brink of thermonuclear war. This danger, I would imagine, is the central problem of our age, and it is the problem to which Mr. Kahn addresses himself.

JOHN BROADUS JONES.

New York, N.Y.

EICHMANN

"BUT AT WHAT POINT of sick exclusion does a man become the monster-Eichmann?" John Ciardi curiously asks [*SR*, June 7] after indicating the answer by pointing to his part in the fireballing of Tokyo. If, after Hiroshima, Americans can still ask such a question seriously; and if both Russians and Americans, with their nuclear arsenals which have effectively turned whole continents into potential extermination camps, cannot grasp their own Eichmannism, then the reciprocal execution of the monster is inevitable.

E. R. KARR.

Saline, Mich.

JOHN CIARDI'S suggestion that Eichmann should have been spared for clinical study would be amusing, if the circumstances and background weren't so ghastly tragic. I would direct him to the public record on Germany and its *Herrenvolk* (newspapers, periodical literature, monograph studies, etc.) in the years preceding the "horror and insanity of World War II," especially that period around the Nuremberg Laws in the mid-Thirties. That record will offer a grisly (but "clinical") succession of data requiring only a moderate effort to be collated into a meaningful study.

IRVING MAUER.

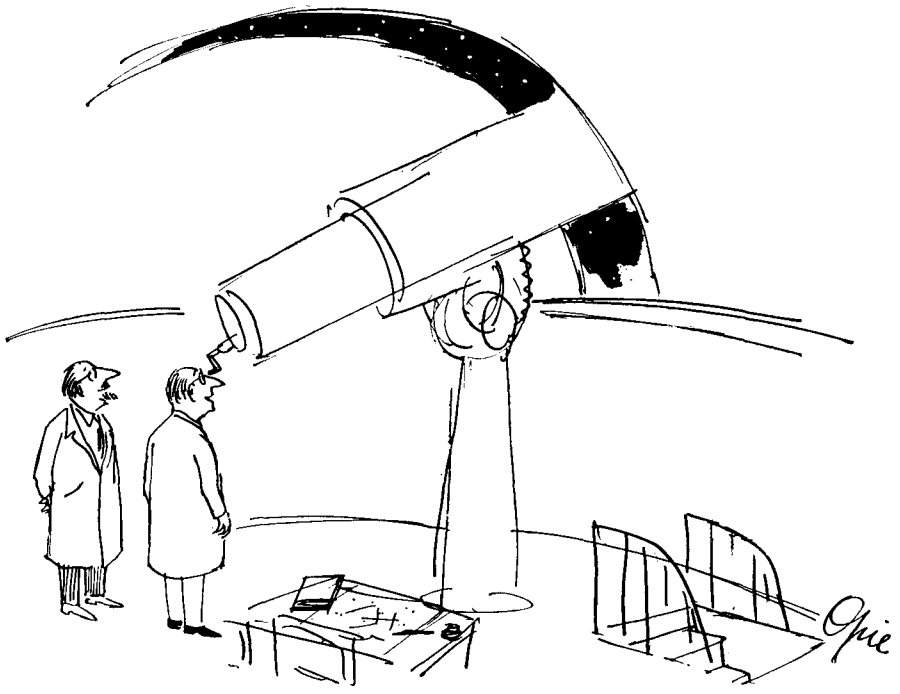
Staten Island, N.Y.

CIARDI HAS UTILIZED the Eichmann trial to ask, "Wherein was I guilty?" Not many of us have confronted this question on matters past or present. Indeed, Eichmann's execution seems somehow to have written *finis* to a chapter still very much unfinished. It has obliterated the very question it was intended to raise.

Ciardi strikes a sensitive chord when he reminds us that we all have a "division of emotions" and that it is about time we "ponder the consequences of that division."

RABBI CHARLES A. KROLOFF.

Boston, Mass.



"Notice how the days are starting to get shorter?"

REBUTTAL

YOUR CORRESPONDENT Lewis Bernstein—in the "Letters" section [*SR*, July 7]—is on the right track when he challenges the account of the Senate's censure of Joseph McCarthy as given in Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams's new book, "One Man's Freedom."

But Mr. Bernstein doesn't go nearly far enough. As McCarthy's defense attorney in the censure, Williams is entitled to make the best case he can for his late client. But is he entitled to distort an important and salutary episode in recent American history?

Mr. Williams tries to suggest that McCarthy should have and almost did escape condemnation. He says that, had the Watkins Committee realized that the earlier Gillette Committee (which investigated Senator Benton's resolution to expel McCarthy in 1952) used a "mail cover" on McCarthy, the Watkins Committee "might well" have abandoned the censure. The fact is that the full Senate was told about the "mail cover" before the censure vote. Senator Hayden explained that this was perfectly legal, that it was made necessary by McCarthy's refusal to testify, and that it was designed to learn the names of brokerage houses McCarthy was in touch with, as a way of checking the charge that McCarthy was using contributions to his "anti-Communism crusade" for his personal investment purposes.

JOHN HOWE,
Assistant to William Benton,
Encyclopaedia Britannica.

New York, N.Y.

THAT DEVIL APHASIA

WOULD YOU USE your good offices with Harold Watts of Chicago, Illinois, whose letter you print [*SR*, July 7], to get him to give us chapter and verse on "The Emperor Hadrian's nephew, Philus."

I have not been able to find him in so obvious a reference book as Paul-Wissowa's "Real-Encyklopädie."

LESLIE F. SMITH,
Department of History,
University of Oklahoma.

Norman, Okla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Watts says his authority for the reference is "Case Histories of Aphasia," by K. Jason Sitewell, published in London, 1876.*

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Anglicized Waltz

A COMMON concern of screenwriters who adapt plays is "opening it up," which usually means making visual or scenic much that has happened off-stage in a play, or that has been merely recounted in a passage of dialogue. Wolf Mankowitz, the adapter of Jean Anouilh's **"The Waltz of the Toreadors,"** has indeed opened up this elegant, sometimes reflective, sometimes farcical French comedy. He has opened it up to such a degree that Anouilh has been all but snuffed out.

"For one thing, Mankowitz has high-handedly transferred the French provincial background to some unspecified English county district. For another, he has turned the aging French general into General Fitzjohn, recently retired from His Majesty's Service (the time is vaguely Edwardian) and lord, if not entirely master, of a manor household that includes several attractive female servants and some finely bred horses.

The general (Peter Sellers) prances about handsomely and heavily on one of these horses, adeptly pinches and pats any reasonably attractive female who comes within range, loathes his haggard, bed-ridden wife, and still yearns (so he thinks) for a young Frenchwoman, Ghislaine, whom he had commandeered at a waltz seventeen years before. As in the play, Ghislaine suddenly arrives in his vicinity, prepared to put an end to her unfulfilled romance, and insists that the general leave his wife, manor, and trophies and continue waltzing through life with her.

It is at this point that resemblances to the play begin to pale. Both Mr. Mankowitz and the director, John Guillerman, seem to have utilized Anouilh's writing primarily as a springboard to comedy, sometimes high, but mostly low. The general's doctor friend is less enamored of his patient, the general's wife, than of his new 1903 model automobile, which belches black smoke and threatens to explode. When the wife, pretending a suicide, lies down on the railroad tracks, she makes sure that a train has just passed. The general's young adjutant, who can't swim, "rescues" Ghislaine, a strong swimmer, from drowning.

The purist will undoubtedly be offended by all this disrespect to the eminent French playwright, and those studying the contemporary Continental drama will hardly gain any insights into Anouilh from this film. Yet, it is not a total loss. The play, after all, might have proved fragile and talky if adapted with fidelity. The English, I suspect, are not as inclined as the French to take seriously Anouilh's skeptical notions about love and marriage. In "reforming" him, every hint of farce has been built into an outright gag, and his intellectual moments have been turned into well-played but quite simple pathos. What we have left is a kind of "General's Progress," and it is often, truth to tell, quite funny. It is also—the important thing, to the producers—an excellent vehicle for Peter Sellers, who is so expert that he nearly succeeds in disguising the travesty that has been worked on Anouilh's original material.

The enterprising Joseph E. Levine has given young talent a chance by presenting **"Strangers in the City,"** a one man, backbreakingly independent film effort by Rick Carrier, who served as writer, director, and producer of a story dealing with an immigrant Puerto Rican family in New York. It would be exciting to be able to herald a new thirty-five-year-old American film talent, risen to feature status from the level of movie publicity, commercials, and industrial films—especially since Mr. Carrier has explained that he made his movie "because no film has yet done justice to the recent immigration problem nor described the city as the dominating factor in people's lives." Unfortunately, his statement remains true, despite his own efforts.

Mr. Carrier obviously knows something about film lighting and other technical aspects of movie making. But about story construction and the direction of actors, he as yet knows very little. He perhaps needs reminding, too, that tragedy, whatever it may be, is *not* the simple piling up of one unpleasant or grisly incident upon another, and that, without insight, genuine feeling, and character construction, the result can too easily be inanity and gross caricature. Everything that can go wrong to an immigrant family does go wrong to this unconvincing family of Puerto Ricans: the daughter becomes a call-girl and the son a gang member, the mother is electrocuted in her bathtub, and the father consumes rat poison. The actors perform as though refugees from an amateur opera company, and only the cockroaches prevail. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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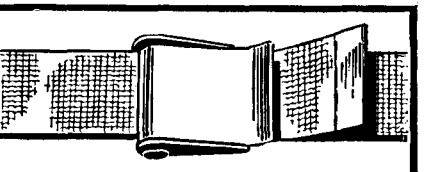

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TV AND RADIO

Puppy Dogs and Dialectics

DIALECTIC, said Plato in his "Republic," is "the coping stone of the sciences, and is set over them." We must teach this highest skill of asking and answering questions, he counseled, to the future guardians of our ideal state—but not too early, not before they are thirty. "For youngsters, as you may have observed, when they first get the taste in their mouths, argue for amusement, and are always contradicting and refuting others in imitation of those who refute them; like puppy dogs, they rejoice in pulling and tearing at all who come near them." Their lack of moderation, Plato concluded, diminishes the honor of the pursuit.

How right that cool mind was! Anyone who watched the International Championship Debate on NBC-TV recently saw a sad contemporary example of juvenile dialectics. The hour-long program featured a contest between a two-student team from North Texas State University (winners of the network's "Championship Debate" television series) and two debaters representing Oxford University. In the windy tradition of collegiate debating, their subject was agreeably lofty—Resolved: That the Decline and Fall of Western Civilization Are at Hand.

The Texans took the affirmative; the Englishmen, the negative. Quipped John McDonnell, twenty-one, of Balliol College: "We took the negative not out of conviction. The U.S. Immigration Service would not have let us in if we took the affirmative." The joke was typical of the British style of debating. At Oxford, we were told, the students take debating much less seriously than at American universities. This light touch was often attractive, and perhaps justified. Who can take such a debate subject with a straight face? Yet, having chosen to spend an hour with Spengler and Toynbee, the English youths should have spent more time being persuasive rather than humorous.

The collision of debating styles turned out to be disastrous. Anne Hodges and John R. Swaney, the North Texas University team, set out on an earnest, logical path to prove our social, moral, and cultural decline. The Englishmen's flip manner and lively wit drew laughter from the studio audience and completely threw the Texans, who tried to make jokes, too, but made bad ones. Feeling uncomfortable, they lost their grace and became personal and insulting to the visitors from Oxford. Miss Hodge's feminine bite was particularly sharp.

The response of the British youths, who were trapped between remaining gentlemen and displaying a brittle flair, failed to charm. The whole thing fell into the kind of eristic argument described by Plato in his dialogue "Gorgias," where Socrates observes that disputations do not always end in mutual edification. "Both parties are arguing from personal feeling only . . . and go on abusing one another until the company at last are quite vexed with themselves for ever listening to such fellows."

There were two American judges and one Englishman. They voted along nationalistic lines. One felt that they, too, were drawn into the vortex of defensive emotions. It would have been healthy if they had taken even one sentence in their hurried voting to administer a spanking to both teams. This adult responsibility lay even heavier on Dr. James H. McBath, the moderator. He read a prepared homily after the verdict which was flatly contradicted by the reality of the debate we had just witnessed. How much better if he had had the flexibility to throw the script away and remind the young debaters of some of the nobler and time-honored manners of dialectical dispute — moderation, generosity of character, resistance to irritation. A debate is not a search for truth, nor a test of opinions; yet, even rhetoric in the grand tradition is not to be abused.

The teams from Oxford and North Texas may be partially excused for their lapses on this program because of their age and lack of experience. But the debate coaches, the guardians, may be held properly accountable. The North Texas team are "champions" in the NBC league. Are we to assume that they represent the finest we can offer? If so, then the debating coaches may be faulted for failing to instruct adequately. If this was a one-time slip, then it is up to the American Forensic Association (Dr. McBath is president) and the American Student Foundation, both cooperating with NBC News in the debate shows, to make the necessary standards quite clear in the future. TV has modified collegiate debating, as it has other institutions. There is less formality and more cross-examination—all to the good. But because collegiate debates may now be held before millions—and may shape images and influence international relations—the guardians have modern responsibilities, too.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NAME AUTHORS AS LIBRETTISTS

Various twentieth-century writers of note have supplied librettos for operatic works. John G. Clarke of Cocoa Beach, Florida, offers a group of these and asks you to assign to each his or her correct opera (names of composers are supplied gratis). Answers on page 44.

1. W. H. Auden (with Chester Kallman) ( ) "Antigone" (Arthur Honegger)
2. Arnold Bennett ( ) "Billy Budd" (Benjamin Britten)
3. Bertolt Brecht ( ) "Christophe Colomb" (Darius Milhaud)
4. Paul Claudel ( ) "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" (Maurice Ravel)
5. Jean Cocteau ( ) "Four Saints in Three Acts" (Virgil Thomson)
6. Colette ( ) "Judith" (Eugene Goosens III)
7. E. M. Forster (with Eric Crozier) ( ) "The King's Henchman" (Deems Taylor)
8. Robert Graves ( ) "Lord Byron's Love Letter" (Raffaello de Banfield)
9. Edna St. Vincent Millay ( ) "Nausicaa" (Peggy Glanville-Hicks)
10. Gertrude Stein ( ) "The Rake's Progress" (Igor Stravinsky)
11. Tennessee Williams ( ) "The Threepenny Opera" (Kurt Weill)

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The Wadsworth Atheneum: Accent on Specialties

YOU ENTER the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford with pleasant anticipation; you leave with unmitigated admiration. Here is an art museum where high quality is channeled into interesting specializations, proving once again that cumulative collections can be more rewarding than even the best samplings. Though the Atheneum includes frequent illustrious names — Rembrandt, Rubens, Goya, Van Dyck, El Greco—it is not because of single and often excellent examples by towering artists that we remember the collection. No one will deny how much these individual works have enriched the museum, but one does not go to Hartford to see the best-known old masters; these can be found more profusely in nearby New York or Boston. One goes there to see the finest and most extensive group of baroque paintings in America (with the possible exception of the Ringling Museum in Sarasota), the most impressive collection of seventeenth-century American furniture in existence, and an outstanding concentration of porcelain with particular emphasis on Meissen. These are Hartford's unique specialties. In this brief survey I purposely limit myself to the field I know best—painting.

And let me add immediately that though seventeenth-century canvases may prove the most conspicuous surprise at Hartford, there are also important works from other periods, notably from our own century. At the time some of the latter were acquired, almost thirty years ago, it took more than prophetic discrimination to buy them. High courage was also required to purchase definitive canvases by Miró, Mondrian, de Chirico, and the Surrealists very nearly the same year they were painted. One of Max Ernst's most distinguished masterpieces is here—his famous "Europe After the Rain," a minutely designed composition filled with frozen death and foreboding desolation. Not even Picasso's "Guernica" is a more devastating indictment of war. And rarely does one find Salvador Dali or Ben Shahn so discerningly represented. At the Atheneum, too, one repeatedly comes on smaller works—watercolors and drawings—often modest but almost invariably offbeat and interesting. A perverse Demuth illustration, a fugitive drawing by Gorky, an intensely lucid tiny Tanguy, a watercolor by the rarely seen English vorticist, Wyndham Lewis—these are a few of the characteristically perceptive minor works that nourish the collection.

Never dutiful, never second-rate, never nondescript, the choice throughout can be ascribed chiefly to two men, the late A. Everett Austin, Jr., director of the Wadsworth Atheneum from 1927 until 1945, and Charles C. Cunningham, who has been director since 1946. "We try to maintain the highest standards of quality in everything we do," the latter said recently. "Where acquisitions are concerned, we don't buy a picture because it's by a name we're lacking; what we hope to do is buy what would be outstanding for any museum in the world. We let our income accumulate and concentrate on major purchases. The seventeenth century is our strength and we build to that strength."

During the late Twenties when Mr. Austin set his sights on the seventeenth century, he wisely realized that the Atheneum might have difficulty competing with larger and more heavily endowed institutions. With the eye and knowledge of a true connoisseur, he turned to a neglected but nonetheless productive period in art. There is little doubt that single-handed he did much to acquaint this country with the magic of baroque painting, a school, by the way, that is even more in demand today than the recently resurrected and highly fashionable mannerist movement.

Mr. Cunningham has continued the same tradition with the result that now Hartford boasts a sequence of seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century canvases from Italy, Spain, Holland, Belgium, and France that is a focus for students of the period and a delight for anyone interested in art. Emphasis, as a rule, is on the unusual rather than the typical. To attempt a résumé of this concentration would be foolhardy, but there are certain paintings that particularly underline the collection. One thinks immediately of the arresting portrait of his mistress by the Neapolitan Salvador Rosa, a painter

—Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford.

The Finding of Vulcan—by Piero di Cosimo.

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—*Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford.*

Portrait of the Artist's Mistress—by Salvador Rosa.

better known for his turbulent landscapes than for his occasional figures. One thinks of the wistful "Boy with a Hat" by Michiel Sweerts, an artist who in this one rare case seems almost as evocative as Vermeer. One thinks of the "Fish Market" by de Witte, an unusual subject for a painter generally remembered for his church interiors. One thinks of the superb white-robed Saint Serapion by Zurbarán; of a heroic composition by Gian Domenico Tiepolo, great enough to be mistaken for his father's work; of a splendid Nicolaes Berchem; and of many, many others.

The Atheneum includes earlier works, the most extraordinary and rarest of which is a composition by the Florentine Piero di Cosimo dated around the end of the fifteenth century. Considered one of this artist's masterpieces, the picture is the more fascinating for its enigmatic half-awkward figures set in a touchingly dewy landscape.

Moreover, it seems fitting that the Wadsworth Atheneum, America's first public community art museum, should have, as indeed it does, an exemplary collection of early American paintings. The museum is almost 120 years old, a hoary age for art institutions on this continent, and many of the important American paintings—the Trumbulls, the Coles, the unforgettably beautiful Bierstadt of Yosemite Valley, and the even more unforgettable "Portrait of Mrs. Seymour Fort" by Copley—came to the museum as very early bequests and purchases. In fact, these, acting as the original nucleus of the painting collection, set a formidable standard.

The entire history of this museum should be reassuring to other moderate-sized American communities. If it can be done in Hartford, why not elsewhere? A few dates from the early Thirties are enough to indicate how over a quarter century ago this institution was already acting as a spur to the rest of the country. In 1931, Dali's work was shown here for the first time in America. Two years later Georges Balanchine arrived in Hartford to found the American Ballet School under the auspices of the Atheneum. In 1934, the first retrospective exhibition of Picasso in America was held at the museum, and that same year the institution sponsored the world première of the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein opera "Four Saints in Three Acts."

The Wadsworth Atheneum is only a short detour for motorists en route to New England from New York, but a visit here is far too important to consider as a detour. For anyone seriously interested in art, a special trip to Hartford is more than worth the effort. —KATHARINE KUH.

In August Don't Miss:

The Controversial Century (1850-1950) at the Chrysler Museum, Provincetown, Massachusetts. The "ins" and "outs" of art during the last hundred years are shown in an astute selection of works from Walter Chrysler's vast collection.

The Wertheim Collection at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, includes renowned paintings, drawings, and sculpture by Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, Picasso, and other important artists from the School of Paris.

Sculpture from the Pacific at the Museum of Primitive Art, New York. Fifty handsome carvings, predominately wood, show the amazing range of native art from the islands of the Pacific.

New Art of Brazil at the San Francisco Museum of Art. The first full-scale survey of modern painting, sculpture, and graphics by Brazilian artists, organized by and originally seen at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Opens August 22.

Five Special Art Shows at the Seattle World's Fair including contemporary European and American painting and sculpture from the last decade and a superb exhibit of North Pacific Indian art.

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Self-Interview with Granville Hicks: Part II

INTERVIEWER: Now that we have reassembled, the first item on our agenda, I believe, is a statement Edmund Wilson makes in his self-interview in *The New Yorker* about contemporary American fiction writers. He says that the only ones he reads regularly are Salinger, Edwin O'Connor, and James Baldwin. How do you feel about this?

HICKS: I understand and share his admiration for Salinger and Baldwin. O'Connor, though I find him readable enough, doesn't seem to me to belong in that league. What really astonishes me, though, is Wilson's saying that there are only these three that he reads regularly. There must be at least twenty novelists, of the generation since Faulkner, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, that I look forward to reading—and, of course, do read.

INTERVIEWER: Would you care to name them?

HICKS: All right. I'll start off with Robert Penn Warren, Wright Morris, and Saul Bellow. Then Eudora Welty and Carson McCullers. Then, in no particular order, Bernard Malamud, Norman Mailer, James Jones, Herbert Gold, Vance Bourjaily, Mary McCarthy, Truman Capote, Jean Stafford, Flannery O'Connor, John Cheever, Baldwin, and Salinger. Then there are some of the real youngsters: John Updike, Philip Roth, Shirley Ann Grau, and now Reynolds Price. Well, there are twenty-one; and I know I've omitted names that belong on the list.

INTERVIEWER: But you have said unkind things about some of them.

HICKS: Of course I have. I'm not suggesting that they're always at their best, or that their best is flawless; I am merely saying that each of them has, at one point or another, shown enough talent so that I am interested in whatever he writes. I might lose interest. After James Jones had written "Some Came Running," a stunningly bad book, I had little interest in his future, but then "The Pistol" gave me a modicum of hope.

INTERVIEWER: You believe, then, that there is a good deal of literary talent in the United States?

HICKS: I believe that we have more talented writers of fiction at the present time than at any other period of our history except possibly the Twenties. Take any other decade you want to and round up all the writers who can reasonably be called gifted; you won't get a list as impressive as the one I have just made.

INTERVIEWER: But are there any great novelists?

HICKS: Ah, that's a different matter. There haven't been so very many great novelists in the literature of the whole world. There are just five American novelists that, at this moment, I should be willing to call great: Hawthorne, Melville, James, Hemingway, and Faulkner. Literary greatness is a rare phenomenon, and we know little about it. Talent, on the other hand, can be recognized without much trouble, and I believe it should be cherished.

INTERVIEWER: I have heard it said that you tend to take a rather generous attitude towards contemporary fiction.

HICKS: I plead guilty. If a writer has convinced me that he is gifted and serious, I try to give him the benefit of any doubts there are. For instance, take James Baldwin's new book, "Another Country." I was astonished when Stanley Edgar Hyman, whose reviews in *The New Leader* I have greatly admired, charged Baldwin with deliberate sensationalism for the sake of sales, and then compounded the insult by putting the blame on the publishers, which would make Baldwin a weakling as well as a knave. I shouldn't want to make a charge like that against a writer who has shown as much courage and as much ability as Baldwin has until I had thought for a long time about other possibilities. "Another Country," to be sure, is full of sexual scenes of the most candid and brutal sort, and the language is violent in the extreme. The book is intended to shock, but the intention, it seems clear to me, is honorable, not cheap. Baldwin writes brutally about brutal people because he believes that brutality is at the heart of our civilization. Let me read you the epigraph from Henry James: "They strike one, above all, as giving no account of themselves in any terms already consecrated by human use; to this inarticulate state they probably form, collectively, the most unprecedented of monuments; abysmal the mystery of what they think, what they feel, what they want, what they suppose themselves to be saying." That is the kind of people Baldwin is writing about. He may be wrong in believing that the fault lies not in the characters themselves but in society; but, having this belief, he is right in trying to express it by whatever means he finds effective. I agree with Hyman about some of the book's faults, but his attack on Baldwin's motives is unwarranted.

INTERVIEWER: Speaking of Hyman, what did you think of his review of Herman Wouk's "Youngblood Hawke"?

HICKS: I thought it was a lulu.

INTERVIEWER: You do not feel impelled to give Wouk the benefit of the doubt?

HICKS: Not the edge of a benefit. I haven't read "Youngblood Hawke," and I don't intend to. I read "The Caine Mutiny" and "Marjorie Morningstar," and they both seemed to me thoroughly dishonest. I don't expect that leopard to change his spots, especially when they're so profitable. Wouk deserved a hatchet job, and Hyman did a beauty.

INTERVIEWER: How do you feel about hatchet jobs in general?

HICKS: In general I'm against them, not only because they're often unfair but also because they tempt the reviewer into smart-aleckism, which is one of the major curses of book reviewing.

INTERVIEWER: Would you say, as many people do say, that reviewers in America are too lavish with praise?

HICKS: Some are. That bothers me, however, less than the fact that so many reviewers don't seem able to read a book. This is true not only of the reviewers who find masterpieces every week or two, but also of some of those who have or want to have a reputation for severity. These latter are so interested in showing off how much they know, and what terribly high standards they have, and what nasty cracks they can invent, that they never get around to discovering what the author was trying to do. Nothing a reviewer says matters if he doesn't understand the book he is reviewing—and a lot of reviewers pretty consistently don't.

INTERVIEWER: Thank you.

HICKS: I thank you, and also Mr. Wilson. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

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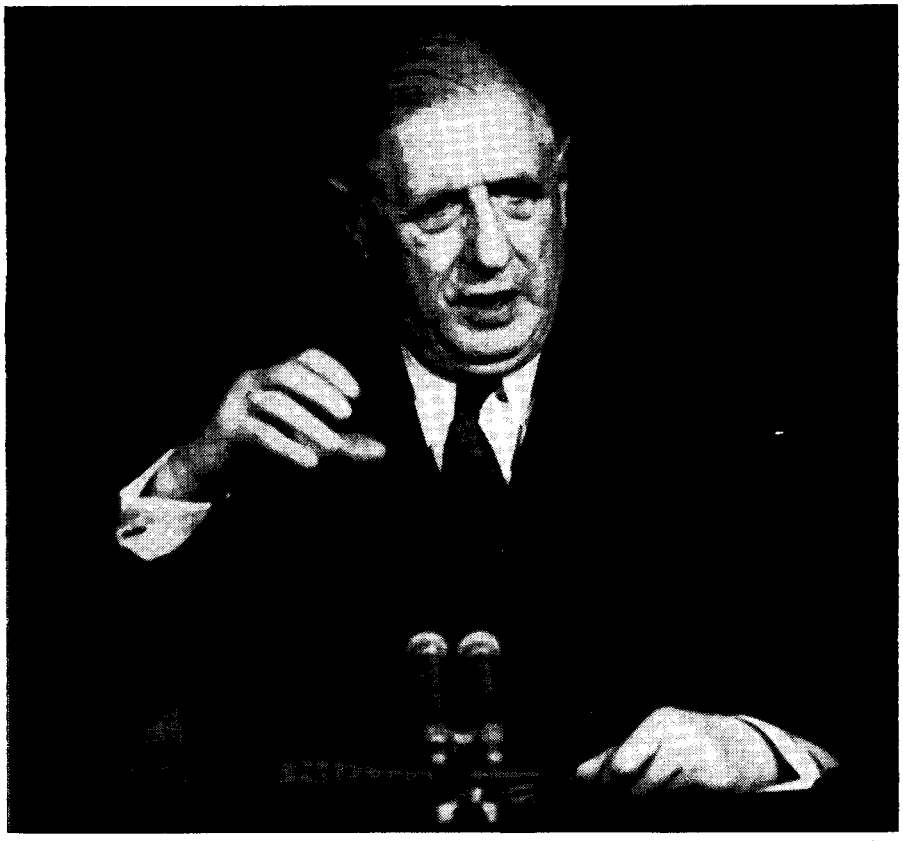
The General vis-à-vis FLN and OAS



—*Vander Veen (Pix).*

De Gaulle—"a secret, long-range objective."

"The Test: De Gaulle and Algeria," by Cyrus L. Sulzberger *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 222 pp. $4.95), expresses the essence of the author's columns for the New York Times from 1947 to May of this year. Hal Lehrman is a lecturer, author, and foreign correspondent.*

By HAL LEHRMAN

FOR MORE than two decades Cyrus L. Sulzberger has served the New York *Times* abroad, and he is currently a regular columnist for that great newspaper. During some fifteen years he has observed, interviewed, and cordially known Charles de Gaulle, as intimately as a foreigner—and all but a few Frenchmen—can be said to know that aloof colossus who in his own lifetime already wears the patina of history. Mr. Sulzberger has now distilled the essence of what he feels he can place on record about the French General, ex-Premier, and President.

Except for eight fresh pages, "The Test: De Gaulle and Algeria" is a selected compilation of Sulzberger columns from 1947 to May of this year. Such stitched-together newspaper pieces make choppy, fragmentary, repetitive reading. The years since 1947 have been crowded with complex events; but Mr. Sulzberger offers only a bare list of dates at the start, instead of the traditional passages that would have connected his articles and illuminated their background. By definition there is nothing new in any of this twice-published material.

Nevertheless, the book is significant because of its timely emphasis on Algeria. Other De Gaulle preoccupations are noted, but the focus is the General's monumental grapple with the Algerian rebellion. That match has just now had a climactic round, and from it has emerged an independent Moslem Algeria. Today's headlines are already throwing the clear, cold light of accomplished fact on issues that only yesterday were obscured by opinion and theory. It is now possible to ask: How right has de Gaulle been? Or, more pertinently here, how right has Mr. Sulzberger been? Normally, a columnist writes hastily, for the next day rather than for the ages. The trash basket and his readers' short memories protect him from accountability for quick judgments. But Mr. Sulzberger has laid his prognostications on the line by resurrecting them in permanent form.

Algeria's fate involves its own ten million inhabitants, and France, Western Europe, the United States—the whole free world, in fact. The dispatches of an eminent analyst to an eminent newspaper helped determine that fate, influencing public opinion and even, subtly, public policy. Mr. Sulzberger's was a strong voice in the large reportorial chorus which, by its tireless testimony for Algerian "liberation" and for de Gaulle's policies, played a responsible historical role in achieving the result now visible. How right, then, has Mr. Sulzberger been?

Brilliantly right, in divining the General's secret long-range objective—total Algerian independence—as early as June 1958. This was a time when nearly everyone else, and certainly all of us who were then in Algiers listening to de Gaulle, thought he was solemnly guaranteeing a reformed, enlightened, but forever French Algeria to the gratified local European community and the French Army, whose combined uprising a month before had scuttled the weak Fourth French Republic and installed the General in power. Mr. Sulzberger was right, too, in describing de Gaulle as "*rusé*" (tricky), "Machiavellian," "an unyieldingly obstinate man."

But, if he was aware of this die-hard trickiness, he was not so right in accepting as reliable every somersault in de Gaulle's shifting Algerian policy. And he was dead wrong in believing that "the unity, prestige and fate of the Western world" demanded this policy. These errors may be confirmed from two sources: Mr. Sulzberger's own words, which he eats month after month as the scenario unfolds, and every new day's tidings of disaster from Algeria itself.

Thus Mr. Sulzberger first approves of the de Gaulle régime's apparent intention to enlist the great masses of pro-French Algerian Moslems that existed to defeat the anti-French National Liberation Front (FLN) militarily, and of the program of economic and social reconstruction to defeat the FLN morally. But when de Gaulle comes out instead for negotiation with the FLN, Mr. Sulzberger comes out for

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it too. He seconds the General's resolve to negotiate "with the various elements of Algeria, including the FLN"; when de Gaulle elects to negotiate solely with the FLN, Mr. Sulzberger writes off the other "various elements." He is confident that the General "aims at settling the Algerian question on the basis of self-determination," *i.e.*, by allowing a free choice among a variety of political structures and leaderships, including adherence to a liberal France. And when de Gaulle blesses an "Algerian Republic" in advance and singles out the FLN as its future rulers, thereby notifying the Moslem population that the FLN will be able to cut the throat of anyone who votes otherwise, Mr. Sulzberger finds the General "consistent."

At one point the author assures us that de Gaulle "has pledged his honor and integrity" not to act dictatorially. But after the General has demanded and received "an authority never before granted to a republican chief of state" (and has set up concentration camps), Mr. Sulzberger blames it on the "frustrated" army and on Algeria's desperate Europeans. He casts doubt on the "extent and importance" of the Europeans' Secret Army (OAS), brands its leaders as "silly" or "muddled," its militants as "dead-end bitter boys," its purpose as "conspiracy." Two months later he discovers that most of the Europeans in Algeria are "ardently pro-OAS," an organization of "serious men [who] earnestly believe in the rightness" of their struggle. Like de Gaulle, Mr. Sulzberger expects that a deal with the FLN to "end the war" will obviously bring peace. When one million Europeans, reading this surrender to the FLN as their own death sentence, react by support of the terrorist OAS, he muses over the "supreme irony that an underground guerrilla war has ended only to be replaced by an underground civil war."

The real irony is that the Algerian débacle was plainly foreseen by sober Frenchmen who had less facilities for research than their Chief of State, and even by certain foreign observers less reputed for vision than Mr. Sulzberger. It is no excuse, I think, to protest that the future of the European community has been jeopardized merely because some went berserk and others fled. Responsible statesmanship should and could have anticipated this, and re-examined its own program accordingly.

Like de Gaulle, Mr. Sulzberger thought non-Moslems would be secure in an FLN Algeria; that the FLN was the valid spokesman for the Moslems; that "NATO would be strengthened by Algerian peace"; that a "free" Algeria and its Moslem North African neighbors would cooperate—even "confederate."

When a distinguished journalist like Mr. Sulzberger misses the mark so widely, one wants to know why. Perhaps it was because of the Algerian myth that has dominated the Western mind in recent years. It would seem that Mr. Sulzberger sometimes chose the myth instead of the evidence of his own eyes and ears. He knew that more Moslems were fighting against the FLN than for it, yet he suggested that the FLN "represented the emotional aspirations of all North Africa." He knew that the French Army had reduced FLN military strength inside Algeria to insignificance, yet he argued that de Gaulle had to seek peace with it because the last guerrilla had not been crushed. The FLN enjoyed "public sympathy among Algerian Moslems," he wrote; yet the only Algerian Moslem he cites in the entire book shakes this shibboleth to the roots: " 'When they [the FLN guerrillas] come they ask for food and money. If we do not give?' Brahim draws his hand across his throat . . . They tell us that the French must go. But what is my quarrel with the French? . . .' "

Possibly the myth that leads Mr. Sulzberger most astray is the myth of de Gaulle, whom he treats with near-veneration. This reviewer does not mean to contest the General's authentic "grandeur." But even a great man can make a mistake; and when he does, it can be a whopper.

Life Is a Zest, an Ache, an Itch

By Jeannette Nichols

I'VE gotten out before,
been riled at the streets,
stores, sotted mailboxes
and roared off in my mad horsepower
to burn back roads, byways, rutted
dirt lanes with their hangdog trees,
and even then not eased it.
I've boasted along blocks
looking in at dinners, readers,
pedigreed winners of their daily
dog-tired bread,
and found no salve to soothe it.
I've let it nab me
like an itch,
stitch me like an ache,
squeeze my love-gland dry;
and been stymied by it
in the fast and far Coast towns
I tried to run it down in.
It has flashed like Summer lightening
by me in the bashed, down-trodden face
dashing at better-times,
bared its hook-nose,
sick-limb, lame-eye, truth and lie
in this slick and human town
I collide with;
but it's still there
to chase and tame me
till I go after it again
on the hopped train, next plane
out, full of the healthy rage
to rout the lust that drives me
crack-brained, full-tilt,
head-on through.

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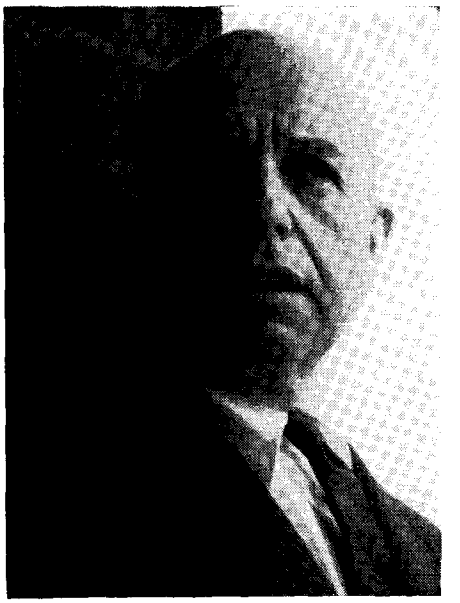
FICTION

Success by Chicanery



Jerome Weidman—entertainer with a purpose.

"The Sound of Bow Bells," by Jerome Weidman *(Random House. 531 pp. $5.95), an "East Side morality fable," portrays a writer turned literary hustler through the machinations of a parasitical wife. David Boroff, associate professor of English at New York University, frequently comments on current fiction.*

By DAVID BOROFF

JEROME WEIDMAN's imagination has long been dominated by the figure of the ruthless, unscrupulous manipulator. The archetypal character was Harry Bogen in Weidman's sensationally successful first novel, "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," written when he was only twenty-four. But he reappears as Daniel Schorr in "The Enemy Camp," which was widely read a few years ago. The hustler, to be sure, is an inevitability in the savage landscape that is Jerome Weidman's special province. For this novelist—at a time when one would think its literary possibilities had been thoroughly exhausted—is still the chronicler of the Lower East Side and the arduous trek uptown.

"The Sound of Bow Bells" is the East Side morality fable once more, this time given a literary setting. The story of Sam Silver's climb out of the ghetto, it describes how he wrote his first short story at the age of nineteen, and became a best-selling novelist as a result of chicanery not long thereafter.

Sam's evil genius is an East Side girl who went to high school with him. Thin, intense, passionately determined, Jennie Broom has a malignant faculty for turning up at crucial moments in Sam's life. It is she who deflects him from pursuing a serious career as a writer by inciting him to transform a deeply-felt short story into a sleazy film scenario. Later, after they marry, she does some fancy wheeling and dealing in an effort to turn Sam into a handsomely paid hack, writing "art-

THE AUTHOR: It was two years since I had last interviewed Jerome Weidman, and in the interim he had not been idle. He had brought for a musical made from his novel stories, "My Father Sits in the Dark," and had written the book for a musical made from his novel, "I Can Get It for You Wholesale." Since the story collection had done well and the musical was still packing them in on Broadway, he should by rights be a reasonably contented man.

And so indeed he was, but current successes were behind him and his mind was busy with future projects. His big new novel, "The Sound of Bow Bells," was just out, bearing a Literary Guild imprimatur; and he was part-way through another musical with songwriter Harold Rome, this one an original. Our conversation thus darted from one to another of his multifarious enterprises.

Jerry Weidman is an engaging fellow, modest in his demeanor, animated in his conversation. You would never guess, meeting him for the first time, that he is one of the most successful professional writers in the business, with a dozen or more novels, 200 short stories, and a couple of hit musicals to his name—and all by the age of fifty. His attitude toward himself is strictly objective; he happened to be born with a talent, which he exercises as naturally as a man breathes. No highfalutin artiness about him on the subject of writing.

"I honestly believe that a great deal of art is unconscious," he said to me. "To my mind, the biggest bores in the world are the people who consciously set out to be artists. William Faulkner is my idea of an unconscious artist. Writing comes naturally to him, and he just laughs when the pundits start analyzing his stories and telling him what he put into them. The writer in my new novel, Sam Silver, writes almost without knowing it, and it is only in time that he discovers he has a tool or talent he must protect."

As you may have surmised, there is much of Weidman himself in his Sam Silver. Both grew up on New York's Lower East Side, and made the transition to plush midtown by dint of successful writing. "Part of the story and some of the characters, such as the woman Jennie, are obviously invented; but most of Sam's reactions are mine," Weidman confessed. "Sometimes a novelist, when a character has become clear in his mind, identifies to a greater or less degree with that character, except where the plot might require a particular development. This is the case with Sam. In the book, for instance, Sam knows rather more about abstract art than I did, because the plot required it. So I made it my business to talk to experts and give him the background he needed."

Weidman has always been a systematic producer, and you get the impression that nothing less will suffice the beginning writer. "All over the country young writers are turning out stories and submitting them to editors. They come back with rejection slips. But #32 suddenly clicks, and the young man gets a check. He thinks he has found the secret, quits his job, comes to Greenwich Village, and starts sending out more stories. To his disappointment, #33, #34, and #35 come back. Instead of trying to discover what was right with

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fully arranged garbage" for a women's magazine.

Despite his wife's flagrant machinations, Sam remains devoted and submissive. However, after a few years of marriage, he discovers that she is unfaithful. Before he can act on this devastating knowledge, Jennie and her lover presumably die in a plane accident while on a Communist-front mission to England. Sam soon realizes that her death has not liberated him. He is unable to rehabilitate the talent he has abused, or to commit himself to a woman with whom he is having an affair. Jennie, to the reader's infinite surprise, turns up again years later. When she reveals the true depths of her parasitism, Sam is able finally to throw off his thralldom, and both his ability to love and his crippled creativity flourish anew. More significantly, he has his thirteen-year-old son undergo the Bar Mitzvah ceremony; for he discovers that he has returned to where he belongs: "to the security of the East Tenth Street kitchen, to the relaxed sense of purpose and the climate of untroubled belief that had been the way of life into which he had been born, and which he was now passing on to his son."

Like Herman Wouk, Weidman is an enormously successful writer who tries to unite the function of entertainer with high didactic purpose. (Like Wouk, too, he displays an unseemly rancor towards literary highbrows.) An adroit storyteller, a dazzling juggler of the flashback, Weidman also teases the reader with thematic implications. But a careful analysis of "The Sound of Bow Bells" reveals that it is sloppily conceived and thematically muddled. Jennie is convincing neither as a human being nor as an allegorical figure. Her diabolism is so blatant that one wonders how a presumably perceptive man could be so easily gulled. And it strains our credibility to suggest that one fall from artistic grace can transform an artist into a venal hack. In addition, the upbeat ending is meretricious. Sam Silver makes it back to the safe haven of his Jewishness; but there is little in his adult life to indicate that his Jewish identity had either charm or authority for him. Moreover, the chief exemplar of Jewishness—his mother—is fundamentally no different from Jennie Broom, the sophisticated witch. Both are fanatically bent on negotiating the perilous safari to uptown precincts. Sam Silver's conversion to the joys of Tenth Street is no more persuasive than the equally spurious though antithetical resolution of "The Enemy Camp," in which the hero decides that it's more important to be a human being than to be a Jew.

Weidman is a writer with a stubborn sense of his origins, and no contemporary Jewish writer handles ethnic *argot* with greater verve. But he is highly ambivalent about his Jewish identity. Other Jewish writers have written memorably out of this very psychic division. Weidman, on the other hand, is drawn to the pat resolution. The result here is a facile and engaging novel, but an undistinguished one. The portrait of the publishing world is endlessly fascinating, the minor characters are masterfully drawn, and Weidman's satiric sense is deft and incisive. But "The Sound of Bow Bells" lacks what Sam Silver himself failed to attain: that coherent and obsessively-held vision that transforms a writer into an artist.

#32 and wrong with the others, he gives up. I made it my business to find out where my mistakes lay, and rectified them."

Weidman works mornings and afternoons every day. Mornings are given over to his serious writing (that is, his novels), afternoons to his stories and, more recently, his plays. When I asked whether the theatre was not cutting too deeply into his time, he laughed.

"My theatre work consists mostly of conversation," he explained. "It's a great relief to talk after sitting alone in a room all morning with a pad and pencil. I find I can't work continuously at one thing for more than three or four hours. Then I need to switch to something else."

His novels take about two years from conception to publication. The next one is therefore due about the middle of 1964. He wouldn't say much about it, except that it was contemporary and set in a New York framework, with flashbacks to the Twenties. It was about a quarter done.

"I wish I could tell you the title, but I'd better not," he chuckled. "It's too good."

—JOHN BARKHAM.

Obeisance to Empty Forms

"Billiards at Half-past Nine," by Heinrich Böll *(McGraw-Hill. 280 pp. $4.95), uses the events of a single day in the life of a family to conjure up three generations of German history. Joseph P. Bauke, who teaches German literature at Columbia University, is assistant editor of Germanic Review.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

WHILE there are more sophisticated writers at work in Germany, some of whom are of great promise, Heinrich Böll has no peer as a storyteller. Equally free from the chilly academism of his younger colleagues and the blindness to historical reality so obvious in the novels of the older generation, he is straightforward and unsparingly honest in his scrutiny of character and situation. He is a disciple of Hemingway rather than of Mann or Kafka, and it is not surprising that his sturdy realism occasionally earns him a laurel twig on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

This new novel differs in scope and setting from his previous works, and should win over readers to whom the typical Böll milieu, with its slightly proletarian aura, does not readily appeal. With an ambition few critics would have credited to him, Böll writes about three generations of an upper-middle-class family and the fate of Germany as experienced by them. The result is not a sequel to "Buddenbrooks," to be sure; but it is an excellent book, and certainly the author's best.

Böll's virtues are all here, though served up with an artistry that calls into question the seeming simplicity of his previous work. He describes the events of a single day in 1958, and by a skilful technique of omission and concentration he manages to cram into it, with an almost showy ease, Germany's victories and defeats since 1907. Some of the *leitmotifs* sag a little under the symbolic weight they are made to bear, and it takes an alert reader to catch all the allusions and the significance that invests even the minor details. But the outline of the plot is clear enough, and once it is established in the reader's mind, all the episodes find their place.

Robert Faehmel, the hero, is a specialist in statics who compensates for his own instability by fussily observing a ritualistic schedule that includes, among other things, the game referred to in the title. His father, an architect,

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turning eighty on the day the story opens, has similar crotchets. He has been the very model of a solid citizen for decades and, like Kant, he takes his daily walks at specific times. Further analogies are not implied; the rigidity is an empty form. The moral backbone is sapped of its strength, and the collapse is only a question of time. It happens in the next generation when the son, Robert, uses his knowledge of statics to reverse its laws. With fanatic devotion to a cause he knows is lost he blows up his father's grandest construction, an abbey, in the last days of World War II. The builder's grandson carries on the family tradition, and also studies statics. What will he do—build or destroy? The decision has not been made.

There are a number of peripheral figures in this family portrait, each of them so deftly drawn that one does not know what most to admire: Böll's sure touch at characterization or his handling of epic materials in a novel of ordinary length. The Kaiser's Germany, the great wars, the lean and fat years—he shows how the Germans lived them. It is a harsh and candid picture, full of guilt, brutality, and suffering. Evil shadows from the past loom over the present, while vicious Nazis turn pious democrats.

Yet in this chronicle of false hopes, real frustrations, and unresolved bitterness there are redemptive acts of great moral power, like the shot Robert's mad mother aims at a Nazi. No matter that she only scratches him, or that the few good people are feckless and a bit silly. Heinrich Böll knows how suspect successful saints are, and he communicates his conviction in this memorable new novel.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 991

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 991 will be found in the next issue.

OF BCDD PEX XKBS XFDCGKHFA GSF QKR OF DPHF GP GPEBS.

FJJKF BCRGPX.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 990

Principles have no real force except when one is well fed.

M. TWAIN.

FOUNDING FATHERS

Plea: A Stronger Constitution

***"The Papers of Alexander Hamilton," Vols. III (1782-1786) and IV (1787-1788), edited by Harold C. Syrett and Jacob E. Cooke** (Columbia University Press. Vol III, 701 pp. Vol IV, 721 pp. $12.50 each), continue an important scholarly project devoted to a man whom history has perhaps treated unjustly. H. Trevor Colbourn, who teaches colonial history at Indiana University, is editing the political writings of John Dickinson.*

By H. TREVOR COLBOURN

ALEXANDER HAMILTON seems at last to be coming into his own. Two admiring biographies and these volumes of the long-needed "Papers of Alexander Hamilton" constitute substantial straws in the scholarly wind. Inevitably many historians will mutter, "And about time." Hamilton's has been a case of genuine historical hardship: he has long deserved protection from his relatives and his political admirers, and such categories fit his earlier editors, John C. Hamilton and Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr. Indeed, it is somehow logical that the existence of this fine new edition of Hamilton's papers owes something to his political opponent Thomas Jefferson.

It is now almost a dozen years since Julian P. Boyd proudly produced the first volume of his magnificent "Papers of Thomas Jefferson." His continuing accomplishment still dazzles and inspires his colleagues, and editing has consequently acquired a new respectability (if not a vogue). Professor Boyd established a standard of excellence for others to emulate, and it is partly because of his success that the rest of our Founding Fathers are now receiving comprehensive editorial attention.

The editorial results will necessarily be uneven. The writings of the Founding Fathers vary in liveliness and importance. But more to the immediate point is the controversy over what constitutes good editing. Some see the duty of an editor as limited to furnishing an accurate text. Some look to a halfway house in which the editor contents himself with identifying correspondents and individuals mentioned in the text. Still others argue for a broader responsibility. An editor, according to Professor Boyd, has myriad obligations. He should explain the context of the documents he is editing; he should examine the historiographical significance of new materials and inform his reader accordingly. This philosophy is impressively reflected in Boyd's "Jefferson." The editorial notes are fantastically thorough, frequently amounting to scholarly articles of rare distinction. This reviewer readily admits to occasional reservations as to the need for some of these excursions, illuminating though they may be. And yet it is unlikely that anyone will again demonstrate Professor Boyd's understanding, knowledge, and insight.

With the third and fourth volumes of "The Papers of Alexander Hamilton" resplendently before us, it now seem safe to state that this series is being edited in a very different style. Neither Professor Syrett nor Professor Cooke regarded themselves as Hamilton scholars when they were handed their editorial appointments. They have allowed themselves only six years for the preparation of their first volumes, and appear to be maintaining a lively pace of production. (They do not hold themselves responsible for the highly technical task of editing Hamilton's legal papers: this is undertaken by Professor Julius Goebel, Jr., of the Columbia Law School.) Professors Syrett and Cooke are primarily concerned with producing an accurate and complete text. They identify the location of each document, and indulge in some disciplined annotations. There is a certain terseness about their treatment, and this is true of the preface reproduced in each volume. Its concluding sentence is a gem in its own right: "On some occasions," confess the editors, they "were unable to find the desired information, and on other occasions the editors were remiss." We are left to guess which. This vague admission has something of the wayward charm o James Morton Smith's dedication ot his "Freedom's Fetters"—"To my wife, the power behind the drone."

Professors Syrett and Cooke have done a superb job of locating Hamil-

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toniana. While a stray Hamilton letter will surely come to light as this series is completed, these volumes deserve to be regarded as definitive. They are textually accurate, something too often taken for granted, and the notes are in close proximity to the relevant text, frequently on the same page. There is a useful index at the end of each volume, which is not the case with the Jefferson "Papers." The editorial apparatus is clearly explained. And the volumes themselves are handsomely designed and constructed; the Columbia press deserves to be complimented on an example of book-making superior to that of Yale's Franklin volumes.

Among the deficiencies which this reviewer regrets are the omission of a Hamilton calendar, the absence of a listing of contents for each volume, and the rarity of editorial introductions. The last obviously involves basic policy decisions of the editors. While we should not necessarily look for a duplication of the Boyd technique, some concessions to the nonspecialist might well have been entertained. These are "The Papers of Alexander Hamilton," no less, but certainly not much more.

Of course, for many scholars this will be sufficient. The period covered by these volumes, 1782 to May 1788, embraces important material. We have Hamilton's "Cash Book," which has never been previously published, and which adds an extra dimension to our knowledge of Hamilton in the 1780s. We have Hamilton's "Notes on the History of North and South America," prepared for a brief used in the controversy between New York and Massachusetts over Western land claims (1783-1787). In this instance we do have a useful introductory note, and the few annotations represent substantial scholarship. Throughout Volume III we are reminded of Hamilton's concern for a stronger Constitution for the United States, and this theme dominates Volume IV. Here we find his controversial "Draft of a Constitution," carefully reproduced as he wrote it, if in a singularly naked fashion. But this is not true for Hamilton's "Federalist" essays, which are blessed with a first-rate introduction by Jacob Cooke in which he reviews the abundant scholarship dealing with the vexatious question of who wrote what essays, and generally finds for Hamilton. Some mention is made of Douglass Adair's investigation of the disputed authorship, but no further effort is made to explore the significance of the differing political philosophies of Hamilton and Madison. Readers of *The William and Mary Quarterly* will not be surprised to discover that the "Caesar" letters are deliberately omitted from Volume IV. Professor Cooke, unlike some of his colleagues, is convinced that Hamilton did *not* write these letters; unfortunately, he furnishes neither the letters nor the arguments that led to their rejection.

Editing is rather like selecting a wife. Everyone has his own ideas of what to look for. Professors Syrett and Cooke have established editorial policies with which this reviewer can only partly concur. But as to the quality and value of their accomplishment there can be no question.

President as Prim Young Patriot

"The Papers of James Madison," edited by William T. Hutchinson and William M. E. Rachal *(University of Chicago Press. Vol I, 344 pp. Vol. II, 344 pp. $10 each), cover the first thirty years in the life of our fourth Chief Executive. Richard B. Morris, professor of history at Columbia University, edited the John Jay Papers.*

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

IT IS a special virtue of the Founding Fathers that they were conscious of and even self-conscious about the great events in which they were participating. That "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" that moved them to justify what they did also impelled a number of them to keep careful records. In this regard perhaps none was more virtuous than James Madison, self-appointed reporter of the affairs of Congress and the Federal Convention. Accordingly, the publication of Madison's papers may be expected to add a new dimension to our knowledge of the early national period, and the first two volumes of this venture, jointly supported by the University of Chicago and the University of Virginia, scrupulously edited by William T. Hutchinson and William M. E. Rachal, and generously underwritten by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, are joyfully received by scholars of the period.

When it is borne in mind that the previous standard nine-volume edition of Madison's writings by Gaillard Hunt included only one-sixth of the extant documents by him and an insignificant fraction of the 15,000 or so extant letters addressed to him, and that the present volumes run down only to 1781, leaving the remaining fifty-five years of Madison's long life still to be documented, the vast scope of this current enterprise can perhaps be dimly perceived.

The present volumes concern the career of young Madison, Princeton undergraduate, Virginia legislator, Congressman, and ardent nationalist; and while it may still be too early to generalize, we have enough of Madison's letters to see that they lack the acid of John Adams's, the pungency of Benjamin Rush's, and the broad humanitarianism of Franklin's. He is a serious, conscientious, well-informed young man, thoroughly aware of the danger-

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ous drift in the affairs of the nation and of the Confederation's lamentable deficiencies, but his early letters lack eloquence or humor. Mrs. Theodorick Bland described him at this time as "a gloomy, stiff creature. They say he is clever in Congress, but out of it, he has nothing engaging or even bearable in his Manners—the most unsociable creature in Existence." Discounting the political malice behind this remark, it must be conceded that Madison's letters reveal him to have been a rather stiff and prim young patriot, his college doggerel notwithstanding. Every once in a while, though, there are flashes of fire, as in his account of Arnold's apostasy, and many pages bear evidence of his talents as a draftsman and Congressional committeeman and of his grasp of the larger issues of the Revolution, including its diplomacy.

ONE is impressed by the meticulous, even exhaustive annotation of these papers. The editors have provided us with illuminating notes of the kind that Julian Boyd has led us to expect from compilers of statesmen's papers. Occasionally the research seems unnecessarily labored. To take one example: A seven-line newspaper advertisement placed by Madison in 1779 for a missing horse has annotations running to twenty-three lines. The editors have thought it necessary to identify the Williamsburg Common (which they cannot locate), to tell us about the horse's previous owner, and to point out that Madison in a conversation with Jared Sparks in 1827 seems to have forgotten all about the missing horse, but did remember having his hat stolen around that time! Considering the kind of annotation that will be demanded for the great state papers that await us in later volumes, it might be prudent if some principle of conservation of energy were introduced fairly early. In most matters the reproduction of the text seems unexceptionable, but it is incorrect for the editors to reproduce as the personal pronoun "ye" what was meant by the author to be the article "the." The Anglo-Saxon thorn letter represented *th*, not *y*.

The editors have been expansive and generous in selecting material for publication. They have even included documents which Madison did not write but with which he was associated in some way. For example, a petition of Orange County planters to the Virginia House of Delegates in 1777 is included although it is not in Madison's hand and he merely signed it along with 105 others. However, these piddling reservations should not obscure either the grand conception of this enterprise or the impressive scholarship that it has commanded.

The "X" Factor in Beholding

Elizabeth Bowen—"murmurs of feeling and sounds and colors and tastes."

"Seven Winters: Memories of a Dublin Childhood, and Afterthoughts: Pieces on Writing," by Elizabeth Bowen *(Knopf. 273 pp. $5), combines reminiscences of an Edwardian youth with commentaries on novels and stories, including her own, by an author who is most strongly moved by a sense of place. Marghanita Laski wrote "Village" and "Victorian Chaise Longue."*

By MARGHANITA LASKI

IF ONE wanted to introduce a stranger to the kinds of writing Elizabeth Bowen excels in, this volume would provide the material. "Seven Winters" recalls her childhood in Dublin; "Afterthoughts" is a compilation of pieces she has written or broadcast about the art of writing.

I have lately had to reread all Miss Bowen's books (to look for words they may contribute to the new Oxford Dictionary Supplement) and was confirmed in my earlier impression of her work: that it is not as novelist or as storyteller that she excels. Only in one novel, "The House in Paris," did I find that her characters lived in the memory as fictional acquaintances. For the rest, neither characters nor plot seemed more than props to sustain her true gift—the poetic and vivifying presentation of places and their atmospheres.

That this should be so is perhaps explained by her own account of her inspiration. "I liked scenes and inanimate objects better than I liked people," she says of her early stories; and, again, "Places more often than faces have sparked off stories." In the Introduction to a self-made selection of her stories she says of four of these:

> Each arose out of an intensified, all but spellbound beholding, on my part, of the scene in question—a fountain-filled Italian garden in livid, pre-thundery light; a shabbily fanciful Irish castle overlooking an estuary; an ivy-strangled house in a formerly suave residential avenue; or weird moonlight over bomb-pitted London. Each time I felt: "Yes, this affects me—but it would affect 'X' more. Under what circumstances; for what reason? And who *is* 'X'?" In each case, the "X" I pondered upon became the key character in the resultant story. . . .

We read the stories, and "X" remains "X," the person affected by the place. It is the place we remember, and just the few sentences quoted above should show why we do.

"Seven Winters" displays Miss Bowen's writing at its most perfect. "X," here, is herself, her childish self and so less, already, than a full person; a child affected by a place and so remembering as in dreams rather than rationally, remembering in flashes and murmurs of feelings and sounds and colors and tastes, with here and there the sharp observations that assure the reader of reality. This is truly childhood; but childhood specific, not generalized: the childhood of little Elizabeth Bowen who was to grow up to be a writer, and as a writer to believe that "the short story is linked with poetry."

When critical studies come to be made of Miss Bowen's work, the pieces that here accompany "Seven Winters" will be indispensable documents, for

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in several of them it is her own work that she is analyzing and discussing. In others, however, she is writing of literature in general, and sometimes the relation to her own work is remote indeed. Her description of the duties of the novel writer (in the essay called "Exclusion") is excellent; yet my own constant feeling is that this duty is not one that in her own work seems fulfilled. No one reading, say, "To the North" or "The Heat of the Day" could believe that Miss Bowen held a full mental dossier of each character's "race, class, heredity, place and date of birth . . .," etc. Rather we should suppose them genie-like evocations called up to fit immediate imaginative needs.

But how perceptive and how surprisingly tough she is on the writer's art and its demands. Her agreement with Graham Greene that disloyalty is the writer's virtue is finely moral and beautifully argued. Her analysis of experience—that it is "the reaction to what happens, not the happening itself"—is an enlightening critical tool. It is not only admirers of Miss Bowen's own imaginative work who will find these essays useful and stimulating.

But praise and admiration for this book must be confined to the writer for writing it, and not extended to the publisher for publishing it in the way he has. "Seven Winters" was first published in Dublin in 1942 and in London in 1943 as a small book on its own, a model of a book demanding such individual publication. Bound up with a collection of critical essays it is altogether out of place, and the reader and book collector must be angered by publishing economics that impose this kind of incongruity on writing of merit. We must remember, however, to praise the excellent photograph of Miss Bowen on the back of the jacket; this, it appears, was taken by the publisher himself—she is seen with books by two other Knopf authors.

EASY TO BE WISE after the event. For the writer writing is eventful; one might say, it is in itself eventfulness. More than any activity, it involves thought, but the thought involved in it is by nature captive, specialized, and intense. One may not know what one has (finally) written till one has finished it —and then, only after a term of time. Then begins a view of the whole, a more perceptive or comprehensive vision; but too late. However, fortunately for authors they are seldom prey to regret. They seldom look back, for they are usually engaged upon something else. —*From "Seven Winters and Afterthoughts."*

Knight in Armor, Age Eleven

"The Time of Secrets," by Marcel Pagnol, *translated by Rita Barisse (Doubleday. 222 pp. $4.50), depicts a crucial year in the author's boyhood near Marseilles. Anna Balakian, professor of French at New York University, has written two books on French Surrealism.*

By ANNA BALAKIAN

MOLIERE's most serious rival in the comic form, Marcel Pagnol, has become world-famous for his regional comedies that have proved their universal appeal and have done more to make Marseilles known to the world than all the posters of commercial tourism. His reflections on his childhood will be welcome and endearing to the readers and viewers of "Fanny," "Marius," and "Topaze."

This is not an ordinary book of memoirs. It is concerned not with easy, involuntary remembrances, but with an intermingling of the child's world and the benevolent satirist's judgment of it. The author is at once bewildered child and kindly man; the characters he evokes temper their vanities with love, their illusions with a good-natured sense of reality. With Pagnol's faculty for glowing detail and subtle innuendo, autobiography becomes indeed creative writing. In indulgent retrospect he presents the eleven-year-old Marcel in two broad *tableaux*: the carefree summer following the one described in the earlier "The Days Were Too Short," and the almost Spartan severance from childhood pleasures with the coming of October and the serious business of being educated.

In the first part of the book, Marcel continues for a while his happy play with the little farmer boy Lili, who lives up in the hills over Marseilles. Then he meets Isabelle, and in a ten-day idyl knows all the vagaries of childhood love: illusion, idealization, and ultimate disenchantment. For the precocious twelve-year-old daughter of a snobbish would-be poet, he alternates between knight in shining armor and humble slave. But, when reality catches

—From "Claude Monet" (Abrams).

"Studies of Children," by Claude Monet.

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up with Isabelle's family, Marcel falls from his heroic reveries back to the commonplace charm of picking olives, setting traps, and helping Lili become a farmer's apprentice. The episode, happily free of psychological implications, has left him with the blunt truth that "life is like that, and there's nothing you can do about it."

Then, suddenly, the acacia trees, the trapped snakes, "the burning fragrance" of the Provençal countryside fade from Pagnol's tapestry. Marcel, the schoolmaster's boy, destined to be a teacher himself, enters the *Lycée* as a scholarship student, grimly aware that in the sixty-hour weeks of rigid training ahead, he will have to pay his debt to the French Republic and preserve his family's intellectual prestige.

Pagnol has thrown a fresh and wholesome light on this most important year of a French boy's life, when he must make the irrevocable choice between the uncomplicated existence of a Lili and a competitive career. His deft details of the French ideals of education are entertaining, but they also reveal values that prove resilient under satire.

The vivacity and wit that depend so much on Pagnol's way with words have been amazingly well preserved in Rita Barisse's translation.

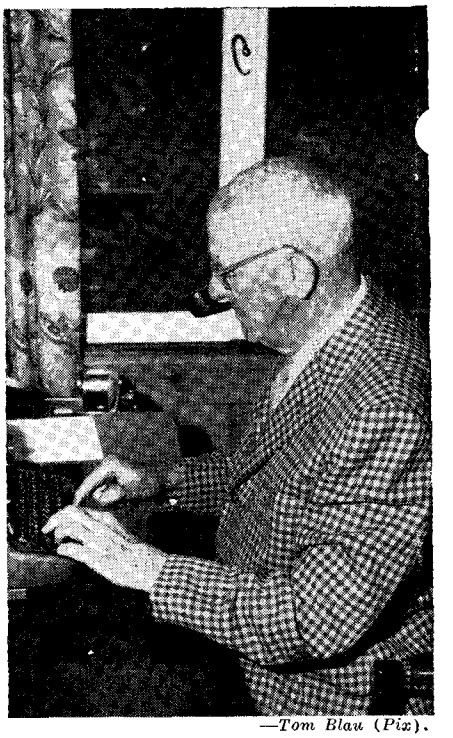
THE WORK THAT IS WRITING: When collections of his ephemeral writings begin to appear, a writer can permit himself to believe that he has arrived. P. G. Wodehouse, who, so far as the public is concerned, arrived almost as soon as he started, which was more than fifty years ago, is now recognized as a master of comedy. Even the most recalcitrant of literary snobs is forced to admit his existence. Ph.D. theses and probing articles in the journals of the new criticism are bound to follow. Wodehouse probably will be amused and frankly pleased by these intimations of his immortality.

In **"Author! Author!"** (Simon & Schuster, $4.50), which is a collection of his letters to a lifelong friend, the novelist W. Townend, Wodehouse reveals himself as essentially a modest man whose prodigious output and continuing success impress him no more than they should. They are letters written by one old pro to another over a period of forty years. There are passing references to many well-known people of the theatrical and literary worlds, all of whom Wodehouse appears to have liked except Walpole and Shaw. But the main emphasis is on work. Writing is as much of a struggle for Wodehouse as for anyone else, and he concludes after many years that it gets harder instead of easier.

The gift of comedy has always been rare and, alas, is getting rarer. When reading these letters, it is interesting to speculate on how Wodehouse has managed to preserve his gift over so long a time and in such changing times. Living outside England appears to have been one requirement. An unflagging pleasure in work is another, plus shrewdness, self-knowledge without introspection, and a realistic approach to the problems of supply and demand. But after finishing these letters, the reader is apt to conclude that the generosity of spirit indicated in them explains—more than anything else, perhaps—why Wodehouse has been able to give of himself so abundantly. The consistent success of what he has given can be explained by craftsmanship, in which modesty of aim is combined with mastery of method to produce a whole that, it now appears, is greater than the parts. The question of Wodehouse's superficiality is no longer of much importance and soon will not matter at all. Like all pure comedy, his seems to improve as time distills it from its social content.

This is a book for writers to read, though the evidence of Wodehouse's industry and resourcefulness will be hard for some of them to bear. Wodehouse is a lucky man; but, since he has shared his luck as well as his inexhaustible gifts for so long with so many, it should be difficult for even the most disaffected of writers to begrudge him his success or to resist joining in the chorus of thanks for the pleasure he has given.

—Victor Chapin.



—*Tom Blau (Pix).*

P. G. Wodehouse—modesty of aim, mastery of method.

C. P. SNOW
replies to his critics

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 7, 4, 6, 10, 2, 9, 11, 8, 1, 3.

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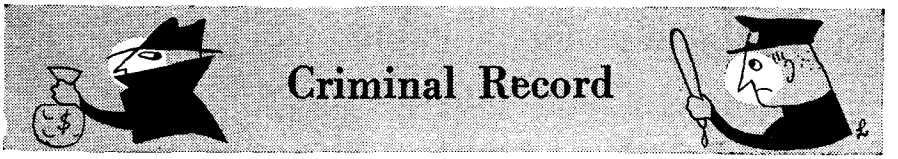

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SLEEPING DOGS LYING. *By Kenneth O'Hara. Macmillan.* $2.95. Was England's young Rachel Thorne a security risk? Three die (one in advance of story) before we get answer. Rather populous, but nicely written.

HE EMPTY HOURS. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Three novelettes here detail activities of 87th Precinct detective in tracking down variety of killers. Admirably done.

GREAT STORIES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. *By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Dell. Paperback.* 50¢. Twelve tales (from "Memoirs," "Return," "His Last Bow," "Case-Book"—1894-1927) recite the triumphs of the grandest peeper of them all. Nuff said.

HAND IN GLOVE. *By Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown.* $3.95. Solicitor's body in newly-dug sewer trench brings local gendarmes to scene, also Superintendent Roderick Alleyn, the most erudite of Yarders; waspish dialogue abounds; dog fight with real dogs featured. The old sparkle is here.

DIED O' WEDNESDAY. *By Paul Townend. Walker.* $2.95. English painter, holidaying in Italian-Swiss Alps, overhears murder plot, lams, is chased, has wild time generally. Much movement, also wonderful scenery.

NOW HARD TO KILL. *By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Wastrel's death gives Mac (ex-cop turned Chi eye) chance to nab slayer and incidentally get himself off hook; much aspirin absorbed into bloodstream. Lively pace from start to finish.

LITTLE DROPS OF BLOOD. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.50. Glasgow police's search for motor murderer leads them to big-time stolen-cab mob, also up a high, cold mountain wherefrom organizer of racket is tossing boulders. Nice setting, good story.

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN. *By Ursula Curtiss. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. New Mexico widow finds poplar-planting remunerative, particularly if each tree covers a well-heeled old gal's remains; reader gets grandstand seat to this show. Grisly but nice.

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—*Herman Leonard.*

The Late Bird, in full flight (at lower right, drummer Max Roach).

SR/RECORDINGS

JULY 28, 1962

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ON BIRD, BIRD-WATCHING, AND JAZZ

By RALPH ELLISON, *author of "The Invisible Man." Mr. Ellison has also had experience as a professional musician.*

"BIRD: The Legend of Charlie Parker," a collection of anecdotes, testimonies, and descriptions of the life of the famous jazz saxophonist, may be described as an attempt to define just what species of bird Bird really was. Introduced by Mr. Reisner's description of his own turbulent friendship and business relations with Parker, it presents contributions by some eighty-three fellow Bird watchers, including a wife and his mother, Mrs. Addie Parker. There are also poems, photographs, descriptions of his funeral, memorial, and estate, a chronology of his life, and an extensive discography by Erik Wiedemann.

Ellison

One of the founders of postwar jazz, Parker had, as an improvisor, as marked an influence upon jazz as Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, or Johnny Hodges. He was also famous for his riotous living, which, heightened by alcohol and drugs, led many of his admirers to consider him a latter-day François Villon. Between the beginning of his fame at about 1945 and his death in 1955, he became the central figure of a cult which gloried in his escapades no less than in his music. The present volume is mainly concerned with the escapades, the circumstances behind them, and their effect upon Bird's friends and family.

Oddly enough, while several explanations are advanced as to how Charles Parker, Jr., became known as "Bird" ("Yardbird," in an earlier metamorphosis), none is conclusive. There is, however, overpowering internal evidence that whatever the true circumstance of his ornithological designation, it had little to do with the chicken yard. Randy roosters and operatic hens are familiars to fans of the animated cartoons, but for all the pathetic comedy of his living—and despite the crabbed and constricted character of his style—Parker was a most inventive melodist; in bird-watcher's terminology, a true songster.

This failure in the exposition of Bird's legend is intriguing, for nicknames are indicative of a change from a given to an achieved identity, whether by rise or fall, and they tell us something of the nicknamed individual's interaction with his fellows. Thus, since we suspect that more of legend

"Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker," by Robert George Reisner *(Citadel Press. $4.95)*

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is involved in his renaming than Mr. Reisner's title indicates, let us at least consult Roger Tory Peterson's "Field Guide to the Birds" for a hint as to why, during a period when most jazzmen were labeled "cats," someone hung the bird on Charlie. Let us note too that "legend" originally meant "the story of a saint" and that saints were often identified with symbolic animals.

Two species won our immediate attention, the goldfinch and the mockingbird—the goldfinch because the beatnik phrase "Bird lives," which, following Parker's death, has been chalked endlessly on Village buildings and subway walls, reminds us that during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries a symbolic goldfinch frequently appeared in European devotional paintings. An apocryphal story has it that upon being given a clay bird for a toy, the infant Jesus brought it miraculously to life as a goldfinch. Thus the small, tawny-brown bird with a bright red patch about the base of its bill and a broad yellow band across its wings became a representative of the soul, the Passion, and the Sacrifice. In more worldly late-Renaissance art, the little bird became the ambiguous symbol of death and the soul's immortality. For our own purposes, however, its song poses a major problem: it is like that of a canary—which, soul or no soul, rules the goldfinch out.

THE mockingbird, *Mimus polyglottos*, is more promising. Peterson informs us that its song consists of "long successions of notes and phrases of great variety, with each phrase repeated a half-dozen times before going on to the next," that the mockingbirds are "excellent mimics" who "adeptly imitate a score or more species found in the neighborhood," and that they frequently sing at night—a description which not only comes close to Parker's way with a saxophone but even hints at a trait of his character. For although he *usually* sang at night, his playing was characterized by velocity, by long-continued successions of notes and phrases, by swoops, bleats, echoes, rapidly repeated bebops—I mean rebopped bebops—by mocking mimicry of other jazzmen's styles, and by interpolations of motifs from extraneous melodies, all of which added up to a dazzling display of wit, satire, burlesque, and pathos. Further, he was as expert at issuing his improvisations from the dense brush as from the extreme treetops of the harmonic landscape, and there was, without doubt, as irrepressible a mockery in his personal conduct as in his music.

Mimic thrushes, which include the catbird and brown thrasher, along with

—*Popsie.*

Early Bird (1949)—at the Three Deuces, New York.

the mockingbird, are not only great virtuosi, they are the tricksters and con men of the bird world. Like Parker, who is described as a confidence man and a practical joker by several of the commentators, they take off on the songs of other birds, inflating, inverting, and turning them wrongside out, and are capable of driving a prowling ("square") cat wild. Utterly irreverent and romantic, they are not beyond bugging human beings. Indeed, on summer nights in the South, when the moon hangs low, the mockingbirds sing as though determined to heat every drop of romance in the sleeping adolescent's heart to fever pitch. Their song thrills and swings the entire moonstruck night to arouse one's sense of the mystery, the promise, and the frustration of being human, alive, and hot in the blood. They are as delightful to eye as to ear, but sometimes a similarity of voice and appearance makes for a confusion with the shrikes, a species given to impaling insects and smaller songbirds on the points of thorns, and they are destroyed. They are fond of fruit, especially mulberries, and if there is a tree in your yard, there will be, along with the wonderful music, much chalky, blue-tinted evidence of their presence. Under such conditions be careful and heed Parker's warning to his friends—who sometimes were subjected to a shrike-like treatment—"you must pay your dues to Bird."

Though notes of bitterness sound through Mr. Reisner's book, he and his friends paid willingly for the delight and frustration which Parker brought into their lives. Thus their comments—which are quite unreliable as history—constitute less a collective biography than a celebration of his living and a lamentation of his dying, and are, in the ritual sense, his apotheosis or epiphany into the glory of those who have been reborn in legend.

Symbolic birds, myth, and ritual—what strange metaphors to arise during the discussion of a book about a jazz musician! And yet, who knows very much of what jazz is really about? Or shall we ever know until we are willing to confront anything and everything which it sweeps across our path? Consider that at least as early as T. S. Eliot's creation of a new aesthetic for poetry through the artful juxtapositioning of earlier styles, Louis Armstrong, way down the river in New Orleans, was working out a similar technique for jazz. This is not a matter of giving the music fine airs—it doesn't need them—but of saying that whatever touches our highly conscious creators of culture is apt to be reflected here.

The thrust toward respectability exhibited by the Negro jazzmen of Parker's generation drew much of its immediate fire from their understandable rejection of the traditional entertainer's role—a heritage from the minstrel tradition—exemplified by such an outstanding creative musician as Louis Armstrong. But when they fastened the epithet "Uncle Tom" upon Armstrong's music they confused artistic quality with questions of personal conduct, a confusion which would ultimately reduce their own music to the mere matter of race. By rejecting Armstrong they thought to rid themselves of the entertainer's role. And by way of getting rid of the role they demanded, in the name of their racial identity, a purity of status which by definition is impossible for the performing artist.

THE result was a grim comedy of racial manners; with the musicians employing a calculated surliness and rudeness, treating the audience very much as many white merchants in poor Negro neighborhoods treat their customers, and the white audiences were shocked at first but learned quickly to accept such treatment as evidence of "artistic" temperament. Then comes a comic reversal: Today the white audience expects the rudeness as part of the entertainment. If it fails to appear the audience is disappointed. For the jazzmen it has become a proposition of the more you win, the more you lose. Certain older jazzmen possessed a clearer idea of the division between their identities as performers and as private individuals. Off stage and while playing in ensemble, they carried themselves like college professors or high church deacons; when soloing they donned the comic mask and went into

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frenzied pantomimes of hotness—even when playing "cool"—and when done, dropped the mask and returned to their chairs with dignity. Perhaps they realized that whatever his style, the performing artist remains as entertainer, even as Heifetz, Rubinstein, or young Glenn Gould.

For all the revolutionary ardor of his style, Dizzy Gillespie, a co-founder with Parker of modern jazz and a man with a savage eye for the incongruous, is no less a clown than Louis, and his wide reputation rests as much upon his entertaining personality as upon his gifted musicianship. There is even a morbid entertainment value in watching the funereal posturing of the Modern Jazz Quartet, and doubtlessly part of the tension created in their listeners arises from the anticipation that, during some unguarded moment, the grinning visage of the traditional delight-maker (inferior because performing at the audience's command; superior because he can perform, effectively, through the magic of his art) will emerge from behind those bearded masks. In the U.S., where each of us is a member of some minority group and where political power and entertainment alike are derived from viewing and manipulating the human predicaments of others, the maintenance of dignity is never a simple matter—even for those with highest credentials. Gossip is one of our largest industries, the President is fair game for caricaturists, and there is always someone around to set a symbolic midget upon J. P. Morgan's unwilling knee.

NO jazzman, not even Miles Davis, struggled harder to escape the entertainer's role than Charlie Parker. The pathos of his life lies in the ironic reversal through which his struggles to escape what in Armstrong is basically a *make-believe* role of clown—which the irreverent poetry and triumphant sound of his trumpet makes even the squarest of squares aware of—resulted in Parker's becoming something far more "primitive": a sacrificial figure whose struggles against personal chaos, on stage and off, served as entertainment for a ravenous, sensation-starved, culturally disoriented public which had but the slightest notion of its real significance. While he slowly died (like a man dismembering himself with a dull razor on a spotlighted stage) from the ceaseless conflict from which issued both his art and his destruction, his public reacted as though he were doing much the same thing as those saxophonists who hoot and honk and roll on the floor. In the end he had no private life and his most tragic moments were drained of human significance.

Here, perhaps, is an explanation, beyond all questions of reason, drugs, or whiskey, of the violent contradictions detailed in Mr. Reisner's book of Parker's public conduct. In attempting to escape the role, at once sub- and super-human, in which he found himself, he sought to outrage his public into an awareness of his most human pain. Instead, he made himself notorious and in the end became unsure whether his fans came to enjoy his art or to be entertained by the "world's greatest junky," the "supreme hipster."

Sensitive and thoroughly aware of the terrifying cost of his art and his public image, he had to bear not only the dismemberment occasioned by rival musicians who imitated every nuance of his style—often with far greater financial return—but the imitation of his every self-destructive excess of personal conduct by those who had in no sense earned the right of such license. Worse, it was these who formed his cult.

Parker operated in the underworld of American culture, on that turbulent level where human instincts conflict with social institutions; where contemporary civilized values and hypocrisies are challenged by the Dionysian urges of a between-wars youth born to prosperity, conditioned by the threat of world destruction, and inspired—when not seeking total anarchy—by a need to bring social reality and our social pretensions into a more meaningful balance. Significantly enough, race is an active factor here, though not in the usual sense. When the jazz drummer Art Blakey was asked of Parker's meaning for Negroes, he replied, "They never heard of him." Parker's artistic success and highly publicized death have changed all that today, but interestingly enough, Bird was indeed a "white" hero. His greatest significance was for the educated white middle-class youth whose reaction to the inconsistencies of American life was the stance of casting off its education, language, dress, manners, and moral standards: a revolt, apolitical in nature, which finds its most dramatic instance in the figure of the so-called white hipster. And whatever its justification, it was, and is, a reaction to the chaos which many youth sense at the center of our society.

—*Popsie.*

Middle Bird (1953) at the Bandbox

For the postwar jazznik, Parker was Bird, a suffering, psychically wounded, law-breaking, life-affirming hero. For them he possessed something of the aura of that figure common to certain contemporary novels, which R. W. B. Lewis describes as the "picaresque saint." He was an obsessed outsider—and Bird was truly alienated: as Negro, as addict, as exponent of a new and disturbing development in jazz—whose tortured and in many ways criminal strivings for personal and moral integration invokes a sense of tragic fellowship in those who see in his agony a ritualization of their own fears, rebellions and hunger for creativity. One of the most significant features of Reisner's book lies, then, in his subtitle—even though he prefers to participate in the recreation of Bird's legend rather than perform the critical function of analyzing it.

REISNER, a former art historian who chooses to write in the barely articulate jargon of the hipster, no more than hints at this (though Ted Joans spins it out in a wild surrealist poem). But when we read through the gossip of the accounts we recognize the presence of a modern American version of the ancient myth of the birth and death of the hero. We are told of his birth, his early discovery of his vocation, his dedication to his art, of his wanderings and early defeats; we are told of his initiation into the mysteries revealed by his drug and the regions of terror to which it conveyed him; we are told of his obsessive identification with his art and his moment of revelation and metamorphosis. Here is Parker's own version:

> I remember one night I was jamming in a chili house (Dan Wall's) on Seventh Avenue between 139th and 140th. It was December, 1939 . . . I'd been getting bored with the stereotyped changes that were being used all the time, all the time, and I kept thinking there's bound to be something else. I could hear it sometimes but I couldn't play it. Well, that night, I was working over "Cherokee," and, as I did, I found that by using the higher intervals of a chord as a melody line and backing them with appropriately related

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Alfred Cortot in the Mid-Twenties.

Cortege for Cortot

By JAN HOLCMAN

HAD THE late Alfred Cortot much awareness of what was going on in the world in the last days of a life that came to an end in Switzerland recently at the age of eighty-five, he might have reflected ruefully whether he hadn't been ahead of his time after all. For the close ties of connection between France and Germany for which President Charles de Gaulle and Chancellor Konrad Adenauer are now reaping acclaim are not too dissimilar to those which the world-famous pianist, pedagogue, and musical commentator wanted to achieve through Vichy during the Occupation, and for which he was subsequently discredited and despised.

As some realized at the time, the late Cortot's gestures toward the occupying Nazis were consistent with a lifelong—he was in his mid-sixties at the time—friendship for matters Germanic. He was a Wagnerian enthusiast long before many others, and served as a répétiteur at the Bayreuth Festivals from 1898 to 1901. Indeed, among the acts in which he took life-long pride was the introduction of "Götterdämmerung" to Paris, which he accomplished in 1902 at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau. And, for several years thereafter, he pursued the career of conductor, largely on behalf of his enthusiasm for Wagner. The great trio association with Pablo Casals and Jacques Thibaud began about this time (1905), and he was appointed a professor at the Conservatoire (1907) before he even began his extensive concert career.

In that career, he traveled to America for the first time in 1918, and was a regular visitor thereafter, making repeated appearances with symphony orchestras as well as in recital. —I. K.

ALFRED CORTOT'S contribution to the literature of the piano was a significant one. He left a rich recorded (and literary) legacy, and his influence also found an outlet through his pedagogic services, which benefited many a student around the world, Clara Haskil, Dinu Lipatti, and Yvonne Lefébure among them. To many, Cortot's name meant as much as Schnabel meant to others and, like his German counterpart, he enjoyed by no means unanimous acclaim.

Nevertheless, the vacating of his piano chair deprives the legionnaires of the Eighty and Eight of a grand veteran, in a certain sense the last of the true romantics of the Rosenthal and Rachmaninoff era, with the possible exception of the substantially younger Moiseiwitsch. Cortot was also the last heir of an older Gallic tradition attractively preserved on recordings by his teacher Diémer, and by Planté, Pugno, Risler, and Saint-Saëns—a galaxy that later incorporated Casadesus, Darré, Lortat, and other gifted performers.

Stylistically, Cortot stood somewhere between two polymorphous clans: subjective, temperamental, and exaggerated, he was a persuasive artist with a big tone, a broad rubato, and a reasonable number of eccentricities. His mannerisms were less exuberant than Paderewski's or de Pachmann's, more pronounced than Sauer's or Da Motta's, and about as frequent as Rosenthal's. Comparison with readings of similar repertory by Casadesus suggests that there was little in common between these two virtuosi other than nationality—Cortot was Swiss-born and his maternal ancestry was also Swiss—the quasi-classicist Casadesus coming closer to the equally disciplined Arrau in Mozart, Gieseking in Beethoven, Gilels in Chopin. Cortot's moody pianistic art tended to influence a quite different species of performer.

Less polyphonic than Moiseiwitsch or Friedman, more meticulous than Mark Hambourg (small wonder), Cortot was nonetheless most captivating in the dramatic and declamatory domain. At the same time Cortot was surely inspired by Rachmaninoff's explosive pianism, in dynamics rather than conception, as is evident from their respective readings of a piece like Debussy's "Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum." Rachmaninovian accentuation and snarling crescendi are particularly striking in Cortot's supreme version of Liszt's second "Légende," which became a Cortot legend in its own right. He must have been impressed also by Busoni's nonlegato technique in rapid passages, as revealed by his left hand triplets in Chopin's F sharp Impromptu.

But in a true sense, his real God was Chopin, whose pupil Decambes was his first teacher. This dedication is sensed as much in Cortot, the man. Though not usually slavish about following a composer's directions from A to Z, he adhered literally to Schumann's famous salute when Chopin's music first came his way, "Hats off gentlemen, a genius!" Cortot—so the story goes—used to remove his hat when passing his idol's statue in Warsaw.

Cortot's recordings, examined in the X-ray of a phonographic fluoroscope, provide a substantial amount of information, enough to warrant a thorough evaluation of his art. His playing covers a broad range from the expressive to the exalted, or, if you will, from the imperative to the provocative. Some sections stirred by moderate agogics come through convincingly; others are colored by rather long fermatas, resting habitually on the highest note, even in some fast technical runs. His expert use of color is not free from rhythmic deviations—call them mannerisms—such as the delayed right hand in Chopin's fourth Prelude.

Cortot, the teacher, advocated transforming the troublesome passages of the repertory into separate exercises, this idea having a predecessor in Busoni, and an ally in Moiseiwitsch, while Backhaus and Gabrilovitch recommended more intensive concentration on conventional scales and exercises.

As writer and essayist, Cortot, in his books on French piano music and on Chopin, and in his shorter studies, displayed solid erudition, only occasionally chilled by a certain apodictic tone. Of moderate merit is his instructive edition of Chopin's works, containing indications which, in actual performance, he frequently disregarded himself.

But in total analysis, Cortot will be remembered as an artist responsible for highly personal and lasting achievements, and his better recorded interpretations will remain an expressive document of his time.

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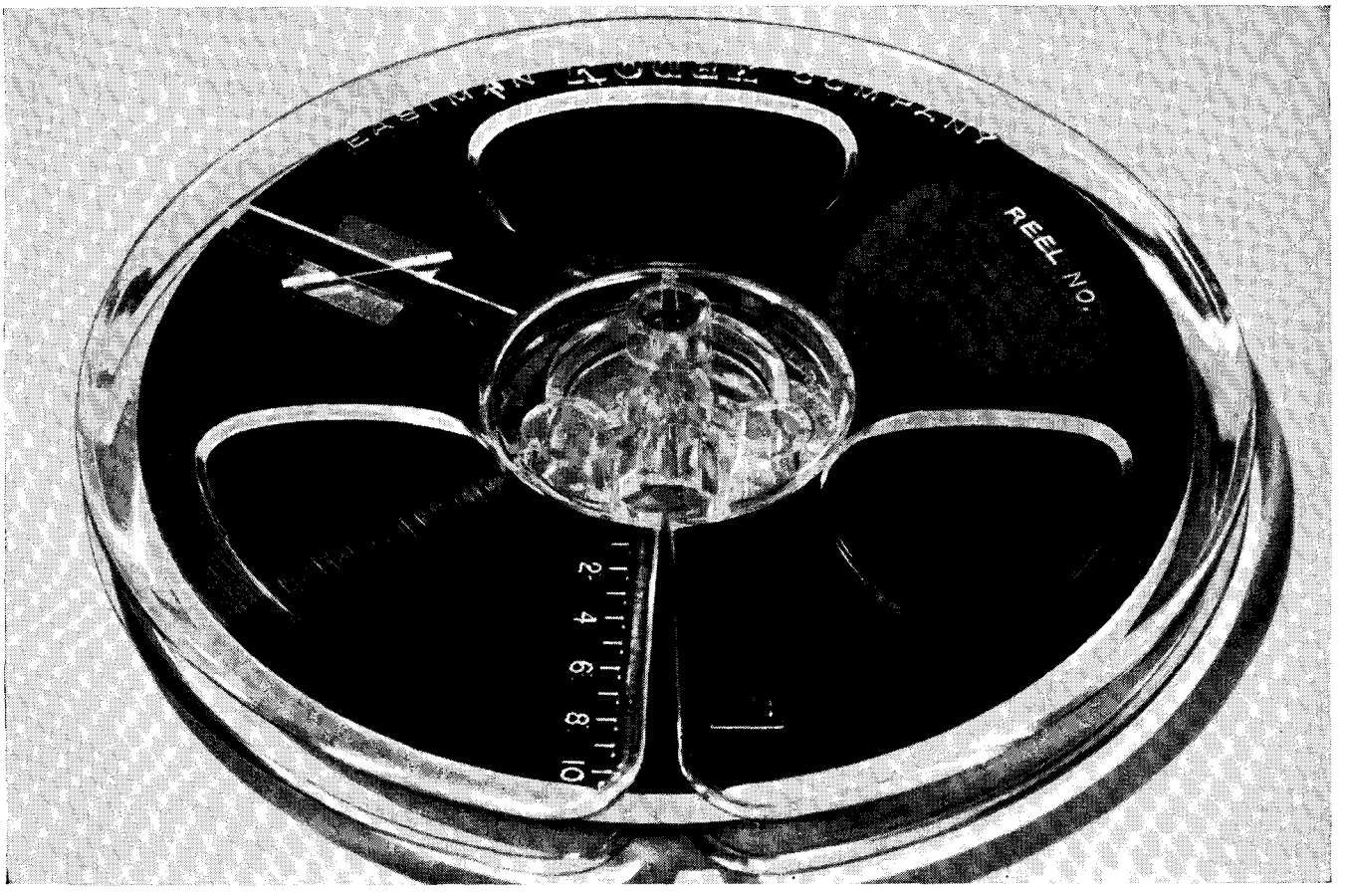

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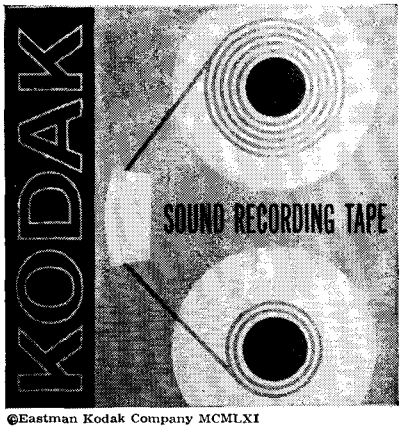

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Recordings in Review

Bernstein, Marlowe, Ben-Haim—"nothing but admiration."

First for Foss

Foss: *"Song of Songs." Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano.* Ben-Haim: *"Sweet Psalmist of Israel." Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic with Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, and Christine Stavrache, harp.* Columbia MS 6123, $5.98.

Fifteen years is not an epoch, but so far as musical values are concerned, it may suffice. By the standard of that down payment on durability, Foss's "Song of Songs" of 1947 is a surer, sounder work than ever, with a substratum of eloquence to support the superstructure of musical craft. It should have been recorded before this, but let us be grateful to the sponsoring Naumberg Foundation that the interlude was not longer.

For those who may not have made its acquaintance, Foss's setting of texts from the Song of Solomon is a product of his twenty-fifth year, first performed by Ellabelle Davis and the Boston Symphony under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. Its immediately intelligible musical discourse and straightforward communication may have raised some questions of its future, but this is one work of which it will eventually be said that its worth was immediately recognized. Indeed, it shows its multiple facets in responding to the altered emphasis of Miss Tourel's artistry (quite a different sort than that of the late Davis), with no want of appeal to the listener. It is a vocal effort in which Miss Tourel may well take pride—evocative in mood but also exact in word projection, well colored through its range, acutely focused on pitch. Bernstein leads an orchestral performance beautifully complementary to the soloist's.

For that matter, the quality of performance is equally high in the Ben-Haim, both in the sections in which Miss Marlowe's harpsichord and Miss Stavrache's harp carry the solo responsibility, and in the last in which they perform together. I have nothing but admiration for Ben-Haim's musical craftsmanship, but the fund of ideas at his disposal are a little conventional (in this unconventional idiom). These are two excellent recordings, also.

Bartok by Silverstein

Bartok: *Sonata (1944).* Bach: *Sonata in G minor. Joseph Silverstein, violin.* Columbia MS 6345, $5.98.

Ordinarily the label on which a performer's debut record appears means nothing of consequence to the total result, but this pairing merits more than passing mention. Had the same performances appeared under the RCA Victor colors, one might have viewed it as a gesture of encouragement to Silverstein, who has recently been appointed concertmaster of the Boston Symphony, with which RCA Victor has a long-standing affiliation. But Columbia's promotion of his talent may mean that Silverstein and the orchestra will have only a short-standing affiliation.

For, truth to tell, it is hard to think of many contemporary violinists who could strike a better balance of musical and instrumental values in these companionable works. To speak of Bach and Bartók as "companionable" may suggest a long reach for an effect but there is little doubt that Bartók measured himself against the standard of his great predecessor in this work.

Moreover, he achieves the sizable feat of making the unaccompanied violin a compelling unit of musical purpose, sufficient in itself harmonically as well as melodically. It probes a longer, wider range of effects, stoppings, and dynamics than Bach would have deemed feasible for the instrumentalist of his time—the instrument, of course, has hardly changed, if the bow has—but always with an accent and mood decidedly his own.

Silverstein probes this accent and mood decisively with his glue-like contact of bow on strings, his ability to liven almost any placement of the fingers with a perfectly controlled vibrato, a grateful absence of scratch or bite, an impressive ease in merging one bow stroke into another. His Bach is also powerfully alive, thanks to an incisive rhythmic sense and a steady eye on the contrapuntal line. One lapse, though: Isn't there a momentary digression from the Bartók text as Silverstein sounds the open G and D strings to correct faulty pitch?

Tchaikovsky's No. 5½

Tchaikovsky: *Symphony in E flat. Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.* Columbia MS 6349, $5.98.

Despite an encomium from that great source of cultural authority, *Life* magazine ("shot through with appealing tunes and lush romanticism"), and some equally extravagant words from Thomas Frost (whose "detachment" may be judged from his other identity as the "producer" of this recording), Columbia's effort to put some "sell" into a work which Tchaikovsky never finished, and didn't want published as a "symphony," is not likely to achieve much success. Assuming that most customers for such music are apt to listen to it before purchase, the progressive deterioration of interest is sure to communicate itself.

When Tchaikovsky said of this work, "the symphony was written just for the sake of writing something," he was, with customary candor, stating the heart of the matter in a minimum wordage. The temptation to "do something" about the first movement is almost irresistible, for it does have a quantity of truly volcanic ash from the Tchaikovskian depths which the Phila-

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delphians' performance heats into a molten flow. But the shape of the tunes stubbornly refuses to bend, and the gestures toward dramatic contrast are more menacing than convincing. There is some charm in the slow movement, but the totally extraneous scherzo (an orchestration by the editor, Semyon Bogatyrev, of a piano piece of Opus 73) and the Taneyev-tainted finale do not make a satisfactory sequence of the four movements.

Finally, there is no justification for calling this Symphony No. 7, for its creation belongs to a well-known period between the fifth and sixth symphonies. The implication that it is, somehow, a successor to the "Pathétique" (No. 6) is not merely misleading: it is a falsification of history. If it has to be circulated in this crudely carpentered form, why not describe it as No. 5A, as Beethoven's second "Leonore" Overture is described as Opus 72A?

The performance follows the graph of the work itself: absolutely wonderful in the first movement, progressively more detached and less interested. Frost may not have made much of a contribution to musicology in his sales pitch, but he has supervised a surpassing specimen of orchestral reproduction.

Bell Toils for Loewe

SCHUBERT: *"Heliopolis," "Ständchen," "Im Frühling," "An Schwager Kronos," "Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren," "Aufenthalt," and "Der Atlas."* LOEWE: *"Herr Oluf," "Süsses Begräbnis," "Der Nöck," and "Hochzeitslied." Donald Bell, baritone, with John Wustman, piano.* Columbia MS 6343, $5.98.

Though not yet thirty (an event which will occur in 1964), the British Columbia-born baritone Donald Bell is assuredly one of the most richly endowed singers to come to notice on this side of the Atlantic since the war. Through a scholarship for advanced studies at London's Royal College of Music, his early professional experience has been mostly in England and on the Continent—and the benefits of that experience are clearly evident in this mostly brilliant first solo recording.

Donald Bell—"remarkable aptitudes."

"Mostly brilliant" for the fact that aspiring baritones, like ambitious sopranos, cannot resist the forbidden fruit of material not well suited to them. Bell's best sound just now—and let us hope he keeps it for a reasonable time to come—is a smoothly-flowing legato in the middle and upper range of his pliable, nearly tenorish, baritone. This is not the answer to the needs of such heroic songs as "An Schwager Kronos" and "Der Atlas," and the questions they put to him are evaded rather than solved.

However, in the suitable songs of the Schubert side—"Ständchen," "Im Frühling," and particularly "Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren"—and the whole of the Loewe sequence, Bell makes his remarkable aptitudes the veritable image of the materials he is interpreting. Among his accomplishments is a fine sense of characterization, without which such masterly songs of Loewe as "Herr Oluf," "Süsses Begräbnis," and the lengthy, intricate "Hochzeitslied" would be undone. His idiomatic, clearly intelligible German is a further index to his superior artistry, enabling him to compete on equal terms with the best native exponents of the lieder repertory. His major problem, then, is self-recognition: to find out what his talents are truly for, and to do those things to the exclusion of others, no matter how tempting. John Wustman is a responsive partner.

Mahler's Ninth by Walter

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 9. Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia M2S 676, $11.98.

THERE will be other performances of the Mahler Ninth to come, as there have been others in the past, but there will never be another quite like this one. This is not merely because it proceeds from a mind which had been concerned with the work's problems for a full fifty years, since the very first performance in 1912. Rather it is because of the nature and substance of that mind, and the way it functioned in the medium to which it was devoted, and of which—one might also add—it was truly constituted.

Music is so flexible and adaptable a medium that it can lend itself to purposes base or noble, even in the same constitution of its elements—that is to say, in the same work. It depends, in a sense, on which way the conductor puts himself "in the composer's place"—and few have had the relationship of Walter to Mahler to determine where creation ends and recreation begins.

In this performance it is always the composer who is in foreground, not his interpreter. Perhaps there are some other interpreters who might find a way of glossing over some of its shortcomings (it needn't be pretended that, in four movements lasting more than eighty minutes, every thought is the qualitative equal of every other), but it strikes me as part of the testamental quality of Walter's endeavor that he renders Mahler the best of his honest effort, without deceit or evasion.

The quality of that effort is so high that, in the greatest moments of the work (its first Andante commodo and, especially, the inexpressibly beautiful final Adagio), one is not quite sure whether it is the interpreter who has created the work or the composer who has fulfilled himself in the interpretation. From this interpenetration of elements proceeds an esteem for Mahler that draws one deeply into the substance of his thought. It leaves no room for doubt that in this mood, in these moments, he achieved that miracle of transmutation by which man becomes music.

Elsewhere, and in other moods (especially the gratuitously sentimental "Im Tempo eines gemächlichen Ländlers"), more than a few of the impurities remain unfired; the baser elements have not been brought to the level of the others. Here, too, the performance tends to lack the clarity that prevails elsewhere: middle voices, in particular, are not stranded as separately as they might be, with an adverse effect on the listener's ability to perceive exactly what is happening. There is nothing but honor for all who took part in this accomplishment, beginning with the individual musicians and including all the technicians under the supervision of John McClure. Also mentionable is the third element of the present package (the performance fills four LP sides): a portion of Walter's discourse during rehearsal of the Adagio, and a reminiscent conversation between the conductor and the interviewer Arnold Michaelis.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach, J. C.: Sinfonia for Double Orchestra, Opus 18, No. 3; Bach, W. F.: Sinfonia in D minor; Bach, C. P. E.: Concerto in D. Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia MS 6342, $5.98.	Would a Bach by any other name sound as sweet? Unanswerable as that question might seem, my judgment is that all these composers would have enjoyed a greater frequency of performance were they named Schmidt, Schmitt, or Smith, for the works each have much more individuality than the names of their common identity. Ormandy's transcription for large orchestra of the "London" Bach's work of the 1770s gives a new insight into the reason for the young Mozart's affection for him, and the performance is delightfully fluent and well-modulated. As for the Steinberg transcription of the D major Concerto (also known as a suite) by C. P. E. Bach, it probably has not been played so well since it was a favorite in the repertory of Serge Koussevitzky. The D minor Sinfonia has the inwardness typical of the W. F. Bach known to us, with the two solo flute parts beautifully realized by the Philadelphia performers. Aural velvet is a reasonable equivalent for the reproduced sound.
Bach, J. S. (arr. Walton): "The Wise Virgins"; Scarlatti (arr. Tommasini): "The Good Humoured Ladies." Robert Irving conducting the Concert Arts Orchestra. Capitol SP 8583, $5.98.	Irving is more successful as an interpreter of the Bach-derived transcriptions by Walton than of the Scarlatti-supplied ideas for Tommasini. Some of this has to do with substance, for Walton's orchestration is (properly enough) a tighter weave around the nuclear Bach than Scarlatti required from Tommasini and resists better Irving's somewhat unyielding beat. In addition, the interpolated slow movements, especially the beautiful one based on "Sheep may safely graze," are warmly responsive to his affectionate treatment. In the Scarlatti, the beat is cutting rather than merely crisp, the texture strained by Irving's emphasis on metronomical spacing of downbeats. In any case, not of the quality of past versions by Desormière or Goossens. The recording is a little coarse, at the climaxes.
Boyce: Overtures. Anthony Lewis conducting the Orchestra of the Concerts Lamoureux. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60041, $5.98.	These overtures (published in 1957 in an edition by Gerald Finzi) are not to be confused with the eight symphonies by Boyce published in the late Twenties in an edition by Constant Lambert. These overtures (of which five are identified in the keys of D, A, D, E flat, and B flat) are lighter in mood, more open in texture, and altogether agreeable to the ear. Basically, the music is borne by the string group, with trumpets and drums in two, a pair of horns in two others, and oboes and bassoons in the remaining two to enrich the aural resources. In type, they are more closely connected to Handel than to anyone else, but Boyce would seem to have been exposed to a French musical manner which imparts a quicker step, a more volatile character to his writing. Lewis leads with fluency and grace, and the reproduction of the excellent playing is thoroughly good.
Chopin: Concerto in E minor (No. 1). Rosina Lhevinne, piano, with members of the Alumni of the National Orchestral Association conducted by John Barnett. Schumann: Overture, Scherzo, and Finale. Barnett and orchestra. Vanguard VSD 2111, $5.95.	As a means of demonstrating the still amazing command of the keyboard—at eighty-plus—of the unaging Rosina Lhevinne, this is an unqualified success. As anything else, it is not merely qualified, but barely passable. Mme. Lhevinne's suavely fluent, beautifully articulate treatment of Chopin is a delight in itself, but not so the dull reproduction of an orchestral execution that leaves much to be desired (despite the assurance on the sleeve that the orchestra is composed of "professional members of the Alumni of the Association"). Barnett conducts Schumann as well as he does Chopin, but th lusterless playing and its tubby reproduction are no contribution to Schumann or the listening pleasure thereof.
Copland: "Outdoor Overture"; Menotti: "Amahl and the Night Visitors" (Suite); Riegger: "Dance Rhythms"; Elwell: "The Happy Hypocrite" (Suite); Shepherd: "The Old Chisholm Trail" (from "Horizons"). Louis Lane conducting the Cleveland Pops Orchestra. Epic BC 1154, $5.98.	Almost any visit from Louis Lane is welcome (so far, they have been confined to records), and this one is no exception. He shapes the diverse materials with efficiency as well as sensitivity, also with a deft hand for detail in the Menotti suite (Introduction, March, Shepherd's Dance). The favor to Elwell and Shepherd—two men long affiliated with Cleveland's music life—may proceed from a grant from the Kulas Foundation, an Ohio nonprofit corporation, under which the recording was made. However, each has valid claim to such attention, with or without respect to the record's avowed purpose of stimulating interest in contemporary music in schools. Indeed, the Elwell score revives some pleasant memories of its performance for the ballet by the irreplaceable Charles Weidman.
Kielland, O.: Concerto Grosso Norvegese, Opus 18. The composer conducting the Oslo Philharmonic. Brustad, B.: Symfoni No. 2. Oivin Fjeldstad conducting the Oslo Philharmonic. CRI 160, $5.95.	Purely on merit, these composers and their works should be as well known in this country as those of sundry Americans, but they do not rise sufficiently above that average to top the barriers of chauvinism. Qualitatively, the Kielland work (which works the idiom of the "hardingfele," a native multistring violin, productively) has greater cohesion and expressive appeal than the Brustad symphony, which strives for a higher level of intensity and does not quite reach it. Both performances strike one as representative of the composers' purposes and the recording, if a little lacking in vibrance, is acceptable for the purpose of getting at the essence of the works.
Respighi: "Fountains of Rome," "Festivals of Rome." Antonio Pedrotti conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Parliament PLP 155, $1.98.	Pedrotti has no identity (on or off this recording), but he knows these basic works of the Italian orchestral literature well. He also has the ability to make that knowledge effective with an orchestra which does not have too much opportunity to play them. His treatment is a bit generalized, which is to say that some of the finer details of coloring and interweaving of voices elude him, but he makes listenable music in each. The recording speaks well for the total quality of the Czech orchestra, and especially for its solo flute, horn, trumpet, etc.
Vivaldi: Concerto in A (Pincherle 234), C minor (P. 419), C (P. 88), and A (P. 236). Nathan Milstein, violin, with chamber ensemble. Angel S 36001, $5.98.	It is dangerous to be dogmatic about the "novelty" of any Vivaldi concerti beyond a well-known few (especially as the works in the Goberman series are not catalogued in Schwann). But, by the impression of the ear as well as the evidence of the current listings, these works are unknown to fame or the recording studio. Unfortunately, there is no strong reason to argue that this sin of omission is a grave one, for they are in that large middle ground of Vivaldi—neither as good as his very best nor as dull as his very least. The first of the two works in A major has a superior slow movement with a plucked accompaniment (Vivaldi or his editor Malipiero?), and there are individual high spots in the others, but no memorable totality. Milstein performs with an apt blend of animation and restraint; his sound is microphoned as one among the other fine ones of the ensemble.
Wagner: Prelude and "Liebestod" ("Tristan"); Strauss: "Tod und Verklärung." Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Capitol SP 8580, $5.98.	Leinsdorf makes something quite absorbing, even eloquent, of what might be called "Liebestod und Verklärung," though the Wagner side reaches deeper into meaning than the Strauss. To a degree this is inherent in the works themselves, as the juxtaposition tends to some valuation of dross vs. gold in the two, with the inevitable outcome. But Leinsdorf polishes "Tod und Verklärung" until it all shines like gold, especially a knotty passage near the end which he unravels more convincingly than most interpreters. In both, he strikes a fine balance between over- and understatement, holding the "Tristan" tempi firmly in check, not allowing the orchestra to verge on distortion in the Strauss. It sounds, incidentally, much better in the Wagner than in the Strauss. —Irving Kolodin.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Christie of Glyndebourne, Solti at Covent Garden

LONDON.

GLYNDEBOURNE has been having an unusually rich and varied season, which has already brought us Debussy's "Pelléas" and a beautiful staging of Monteverdi's ravishing "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" in addition to familiar Mozart, Donizetti, and Richard Strauss. But the bright picture has been sadly scarred by the death, on July 3, of John Christie. Glyndebourne will, of course, continue, as its affairs are nowadays administered by a trust presided over by George Christie. But the place will no longer seem the same without the familiar, John Bull-like figure of its founder, whose benign presence made us feel like honored guests at a gracious house party. To build an opera house in the depths of rural Sussex, sixty miles out of London, may have seemed the height of eccentricity in the mid-Thirties, but John Christie's peculiar dream has been gloriously vindicated. His passing will be mourned by the many artists who have been privileged to work at Glyndebourne and by countless music lovers whose lives have been enriched by the vision of a true gentleman and a noble patron of the arts.

At Covent Garden, Georg Solti's first season is all but over, its last weeks made memorable by a new "triple bill" and a notable revival of "Otello." Apart from the eternal twins, "Cav" and "Pag," short operas are something of a problem for those who plan the repertoire: the category contains several masterpieces which ought to be staged now and again, but mixed bills of fare are none too popular among habitués. Solti chose three operas composed within a few years of each other —Ravel's "L'Heure espagnole," Schoenberg's "Erwartung," and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi"—and put them on in English with Peter Ustinov as producer.

The result proved to be a brilliantly diverting evening of striking contrasts, with Puccini's superb little comedy predictably emerging as the strongest panel in this triptych. Solti's conducting and Geraint Evans's sharply etched portrayal of the crafty Schicchi made this a memorable performance; Schoenberg's monodrama, too, made a notable impression thanks to an imaginative production, Amy Shuard's valiant singing, and outstanding playing by the Covent Garden Orchestra. Ravel's delectable score sounded quite lovely and the production provided constant amusement; yet, as one has often found in the legitimate theatre, French texts of a somewhat risqué character are apt to acquire an alien coarseness when translated into English. This is precisely what happened in this production of "L'Heure espagnole."

"Otello" not only allowed Solti to display before us for the first time his considerable gifts as a Verdi conductor, but also featured three principals who had never before sung these roles in London. Del Monaco's stridently powerful Moor is of course familiar to record collectors, as is Gobbi's subtle Iago, but the Desdemona was totally unknown to us—Raina Kabaiwanska, a Bulgarian soprano still in her early twenties, good to look at, graceful of movement, and the possessor of an uncommonly lovely, warm, and full-bodied lyric soprano. Here, indeed, is an exciting prospect. Despite occasional reminders of her comparative inexperience, Miss Kabaiwanska sings like a future star of the international operatic firmament—one who, in her duets with Otello, is already able to give her famous partner lessons in style and vocal deportment.

Del Monaco had not sung in London since he came here, unknown and unheralded, with the San Carlo company some fifteen years ago. Although his record "fans" turned up in force to cheer him to the echo, his performance hardly suggested the mastery of an artist who has sung this part 250 times; to my mind there is more to Otello than a few stock gestures and belting out some top notes. The tenor's limitations as an artist were all the more obvious in face of Gobbi's masterly Iago, surely one of the great operatic portrayals of our day.

John Christie of Glyndebourne—"a peculiar dream gloriously vindicated."

American Columbia's recent introduction to this country of its own CBS label is already providing us with the opportunity of appraising this company's varied and boldly imaginative repertoire. Recent issues have included some fine Schubert, Mozart, and Bruckner discs conducted by the late Bruno Walter, a remarkable Alban Berg album directed by Robert Craft, Ormandy's fine account of Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" and the first-ever version of "Peter and the Wolf" in which the conductor also supplies the narration. Unfortunately, Dr. Jekyll Bernstein's admirable handling of the score is here seriously impeded by Mr. Hyde Bernstein's too-clever-by-half commentary with its insufferably condescending, gimmicky introduction. If this idea catches on, we may soon have an excellent "Peter" from Sir Malcolm, though I cannot somehow visualize Dr. Klemperer relishing such a task.

The Moscow Tchaikovsky International Competition for pianists enjoys tremendous prestige, as every American music lover knows since Van Cliburn carried off the First Prize a few years ago. This year the jury found itself unable to separate the two leading contenders and decided to award two First Prizes—one to the Russian Vladimir Ashkenazy and the other to the brilliant young virtuoso from Manchester, John Ogdon. Unlike Cliburn, Ogdon did not receive a ticker-tape welcome on his return to his native shores, but his triumph has nevertheless created a considerable stir in musical circles. And, while RCA only showed an interest in Cliburn after he had attained the status of laureate, EMI can boast the fact that both the 1962 prize winners were already on its roster prior to hitting the headlines.

This month's releases from EMI thus feature both Ogdon and Ashkenazy, the former contributing a Rachmaninoff disc (Second Concerto and three Preludes) which is not yet off the presses, while the Russian can be heard in a recital presumably held in reserve since his visit to Berlin in 1958 (when he also recorded the Brahms B

(*Continued on page 59*)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Benda: Sonata. Richter, F. X.: Sonata in A. Prokofiev: Sonata, Opus 94. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, with Viktorie Svihlikova, harpsichord, and Alfred Holecek, piano (Prokofiev). Supraphon LPV 344, $5.98.	Were Rampal's chosen instrument the violin or piano rather than the flute, his celebrity wou be equal to any "name" of the day, for he is complete master of its means, with musical standard of the highest. All these facts are evident in the choice of materials as well as in the performances of them, for the relatively obscure Benda and Richter of the eighteenth century have more than curiosity value to recommend. As for the Prokofiev, those who have not happened to hear the recording by Doriot Anthony Dwyer (on the Boston label) may discover that they know it anyway, for the materials were converted by the composer into the Violin Sonata Opus 94 *bis*, dedicated to David Oistrakh and frequently performed (as well as recorded) by him. Rampal's performance shows that it was perfectly flutistic before the composer's elaborations made it equally violinistic. The recording is good in its monophonic manner.
Bizet: "Habanera," "Séguedille," "Chanson bohème," "Carreau! pique," ("Carmen"); Tchaikovsky: "Air des adieux" ("Jeanne d'Arc"); Saint-Saens: "Mon coeur" ("Samson"); Wagner: "So ist es denn aus," ("Walküre"); Verdi: "Condotta ell'era in ceppi" ("Trovatore"), "O don fatale" ("Don Carlo"). Regina Resnik, mezzo, with orchestra of Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Edward Downes. *London CS 25316*, $5.98.	There can be no quarrel with what Miss Resnik puts into these performances by way of conviction, artistic comprehension of their expressive purpose, and musical awareness. But what she produces, vocally, is too unsteady, occasionally off the pitch, and lacking in basic quality for proper reward to the listener. And a kind of crooned cantabile is no substitute for a real *mezza voce* in "O don fatale" or the "Séguedille." At full blast, elsewhere, in the climax of "Condotta" the sound becomes unpleasantly shrill and coarse. The extremes of dynamics in the recording add to the final impression of artificiality.
Dvorak: Trio in F minor, Opus 65. Czech Trio. Supraphon LPV 58, $5.98.	Here is a veritable phenomenon—a major chamber music work by Dvorak which does not command the sympathy and the interest of the listener at a first hearing. It is, in fact, a product of a transitional phase of the composer's development, when he had, for the while, left behind the folk impulse, and was trying to accommodate himself to the mode of Brahms whom he then (1883) revered. It is thus only partially representative of the greatest Dvorak, the one who, soon enough, would find a way of blending all he felt with all he knew. Here it is more knowledge than feeling. The performance, in any case, is first class, and if the recording does not qualify for that category, it is fair enough.
Mozart: Serenade No. 10 in B flat (K.361). Schubert: "German Dances" (1824). Robert Craft conducting. Columbia MS 6344, $5.98.	Much is made in Craft's annotation about the use of a string bass in place of the contrabassoon sometimes used to complete Mozart's "thirteen wind instruments." However, this refinement is less important than the lack of the same in the execution itself. Much of the work is articulated cleanly and meticulously, but phrase ends tend to rise in volume when they shouldn't, cadence chords are overaccentuated, and the whole sound tends to be "fat" rather than merely substantial—a matter of emphasis on inner voices, etc. For the matter of that, I think the work is much better served without a conductor than with one, whether named Craft or not (as in earlie versions from Vienna and Paris). The Webern-arranged dances are also subject to more stre than becomes them. Clean, well-balanced reproduction.
Poulenc: Trois Pièces; "Mélancolie"; Suite Française; Presto in B flat. Roussel: Trois Pièces, Opus 49; Sonatine, Opus 16. André Previn, piano. Columbia MS 6346, $5.98.	To state my belief that Previn could improvise a better collection of pieces than these may seem rash overpraise—but not if you have absorbed the relentless succession of cloying sentimentalities which make up most of the Poulenc sequence and some of the Roussel. This is *musique de salon (de thé)*, not wide awake enough to stand scrutiny by daylight, or robust enough to fare out after dark on its own. I am just as susceptible to sentimental music as the next one, but it preferably should have more variety than is found in these dozen-plus movements. Previn is equal to the best that Poulenc asks in this repertory (most in the piece called "Hymne"), and the reproduction of his sound is excellent.
Ravel: Quartet. Mozart: Quartet, K. 156. Quartetto Italiano. Angel 35732, $4.98.	The Quartetto Italiano, which plays from memory, makes an impressive success of searching its collective minds for the precise note values which make up the Ravel. It may be doubted that even the composer himself had so specific a sense of each pitch and interval. In the process, however, the group overlooks the justifying purpose of such writing—a consecutive experience for the listener. It is all much too disjointed, overrefined, and dehumanized, for my taste, with a persistent tendency for slow tempi. The Mozart (the G major of the "Mailand" set) has a somewhat more blithe spirit, a livelier lilt and flow, but this is not to say that it approximates the carefree. Very good reproduced sound.
Strattner: "I Pray to Thee" and fifteen other items. Theodor Uppman, baritone, with Allen Rogers, piano. Internos INT 1001, $4.98.	As the first in what is projected as a series of recital recordings by singers of Theodor Uppman's quality, this merits embracing praise for the thoroughgoing presentation on the record (and the sleeve) of what the performer is trying to do—which is to say that RCA technical resources (supervised by Ernie Oelrich) were utilized and the musicological skills of Philip L. Miller called upon for documentation of the material. All that is left to consider, then, is the use made by Uppman of his opportunity, and there is much that is very good to commend it. Like almost any recitalist, he is tempted by some things a shade above his reach (here it is "Sacra la scelta" from Verdi's "Luisa Miller" which weighs heavily upon him) but he sings with great fluency and relevant style in Schumann's "Belsatzar" and "Aus den östlichen Rosen," Poulenc's "La Belle Jeunesse," and Kricka's "The Albatross." And Uppman's brilliant points as a Mozartian are vividly recalled in his "Vedro mentr'io sospiro" from Act III of "Figaro." His polished enunciation of English is a valuable attribute of his spirited performances of Michael Head's "Sweet Chance," Charles Ives's "The Greatest Man," Aaron Copland's "Simple Gifts" (a version of the Shaker melody), Theodore Chanler's "I Rise When You Enter," and John Sacco's "Maple Candy." Allen Rogers's piano playing makes a sounding backdrop for the best display of all the musical goods.
Thomas: "Mignon," "Hamlet" excerpts. Ninon Vallin, Eide Norena, etc. Odéon ORX 109, $5.95.	Aside from the items sung on side one by Vallin ("Connais-tu le pays," "Elle est aimée," and the "Duo des hirondelles" and "As-tu souffert? As-tu pleuré?" with Julien Lafont) and the Mad Scen on side two by Norena, the level of quality here is hardly conspicuous. However, both soprano are outstanding, and the Norena, in particular, qualifies as a rarity. It is, moreover, a bright and resonant example of early electric recording, which responds well to the opportunities provided by present-day amplifiers and speakers. Together they qualify Norena's fluency and pathos in this music as well worth comparison with the versions of Galli-Curci and Melba. Also of interest, on the "Hamlet" side, is the baritone Endrèze, who carried with him the stamp of studies with Jean de Reszke. —I.K.

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Beside Cayuga's Waters

KAREL HUSA: *Fantasies for Orchestra.* ROBERT PALMER: *Memorial Music. Orchestre des Soloistes de Paris, Husa conducting.* Cornell University Records, Ithaca, New York.

IN THE PAST, recordings from Cornell have been for the birds; or more properly, by the birds—a fascinating series of recordings of various bird calls and an ingenious synthesis of them into a so-called "Symphony of the Birds" by CBS Radio's long-time music commentator Jim Fassett.

But sounds of a different feather are caught on this recent Cornell disc containing two unusually fine works by two distinguished composers, both members of Cornell University's music faculty: Robert Palmer and Karel Husa. Both are in their forties, at an age and time in their careers when they should be performed broadly, for they rank as well as or better than many of their confreres. But theirs are not the names that appear on the lists of frequent recipients of grants, prizes, honors, commissions, and the like—although they certainly should be! Both write with impressive skill and equally impressive musicality. Their styles, while not radical, are out of the broad stream of music, and to the *avant-garde* may seem a trifle staid.

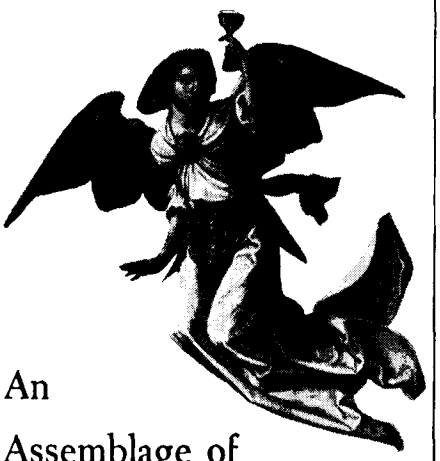
Robert Palmer has been associated with Cornell since 1943, Karel Husa since 1954. Like his distinguished forerunner Dvoràk, Husa is a Bohemian. Born in Prague in 1921, he studied there and later with Honegger and Boulanger. Although he is still virtually unknown in America, Husa achieved considerable recognition in Europe before emigrating here. He has had many important performances there resulting in superlative reviews and he has also had the benison of the powerful German publishing house of B. Schott's Söhne, which has printed practically all of his scores.

Husa's three Fantasies are imaginative and rewarding. The first and most conventional is an Aria, written in contrapuntal style. Utilizing the strings, with percussion and piano merely augmenting them for climactic effect, he manages to write an intense and deeply moving movement, though not one of marked originality. Some rather lackluster playing by the Orchestre des Soloistes de Paris waters the musical intensity, but in spite of it, Husa's two succeeding movements pick up interest. The second movement, scored for full orchestra, is fresh and rhythmically alive. The concluding Nocturne is an exotic and quite delicate impressionistic piece that manages to sound new while avoiding the post-Webernian clichés that have dominated so much contemporary writing during the past decade.

Palmer's orientation is thoroughly American. Born in Syracuse in 1915, he studied at the Eastman School and later with Porter, Harris, and Copland. His subject, too, is strictly native. "Memorial Music" (1958) was commissioned by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters as one of a series of works celebrating American holidays. In a rather extensive program note, he explained that he would like his "Memorial Music" to be thought of as "thoughts of an American on Memorial Day." Palmer states that unlike Ives he finds it impossible to quote fragments of hymns and patriotic songs in his work. Coincidentally, Ives's "Decoration Day," dealing with the same subject, has just been recorded by Robert Whitney and the Louisville Orchestra. While one may admire Palmer's score, it does not approach the imaginative wonder of Ives's evocative tone poem.

Neither Husa nor Palmer has achieved that kind of originality; nor have they exhibited the daring and modernity of a predecessor of theirs, the late Wallingford Riegger, who wrote with greater audacity while teaching at the Ithaca Conservatory during the Twenties.

For releasing these well-wrought works of its gifted faculty, Cornell University must be highly praised. This recording project, along with that of the University of Illinois, is significant and may lead to an expansion of university record releases comparable to that of the publications of university presses. —OLIVER DANIEL.



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By IVAN BERGER

THE COUNTERREVOLUTION in audio has begun. The need of the high-fidelity music listener for privacy in which to listen, the demand of neighbors and family for privacy in which *not* to listen, thin-walled, open-plan modern construction which foils them both, and the difficulties of reproducing concert-hall acoustics in a nine-by-twelve room have brought earphones down from the attic, where they had been lying next to the crystal set.

But modern-day stereo headsets are not the tinny black ear-crushers which served the early listener. The best create a private island of high-fidelity sound with no interaction between the music and the outer world. Comfortable, stylish, and only moderately expensive, they solve some problems—and create several new ones.

In stereo, headphones create a new world. Early "binaural" recordings, made with microphones in the ear positions of a dummy head, were meant to be heard through phones, and many find this still the closest approach to true sonic realism. But present-day stereo recordings, made with loudspeaker listening in mind, have more channel separation and other differences. Stereo—as opposed to binaural—recordings make the earphone listener unsure whether his head is in the middle of the orchestra or the orchestra in the middle of his head. The concert hall sounds stretched (although its acoustics are otherwise undistorted, without standing waves, room resonances, erratic reflections, and other problems of listening in the living room). The result is a deep, limitless cavern of sound in space, breathtakingly fantastic for short sonic binges, tiringly unrealistic for long-term listening. The blend control found on many amplifiers can help shrink the sound to more realistic proportions, and Benjamin B. Bauer, of the CBS Research Laboratories, has developed a circuit which, connected between amplifier and phones, adds the feeling that the orchestra is "out front." So convincing and important is the spatial effect of even exaggerated headset stereo that sudden switching to a monaural program collapses the sonic space painfully into a pinpoint.

Even the best of present headsets are not equal to the best speakers in quality of reproduced sound—but the better ones come surprisingly close, at a far lower cost. The $80.00 Beyer phones, for example, although the highest-priced set on the market, are the sonic equivalent of speakers costing twice as much or more. For the solitary listener, earphones are a great economy, and their low power consumption means that cheaper amplifiers can be used, or the amplifier can be avoided entirely, and an accessory transformer used to match the headphones to the preamplifier outputs.

Despite soft, adaptable cushions which surround the ear instead of crushing it, foam-lined headbands, light weight, and little pressure, prolonged use of headsets grows uncomfortable. A few fit too loosely, a few are too tight. Some grow clammy. Many have cords which become twisted, and even an untwisted cord can tangle the unwary listener. In exchange, of course, one finds a new freedom to concentrate on the music without distractions and a heightened awareness of the spatial interweaving of melodic threads.

But if one's ears are in more intimate contact with the music, they become

Headsets for Home Use

Name and Model	Price	Frequency Response: Manufacturer's Specifications	Frequency Response: Tones Detected	Comments
AKG K-50	$24.50	30-20,000 cycles	34-18,900	Lightest; most manageable cord; could be used on preamplifier outputs directly with no matching transformer needed. Tested with Z-50 cushions.
Beyer DT-48	79.95	20-15,000 "	29-19,200	Clearest sound, but least comfortable, due to tight, spring-type headband. Manufacturer claims better bass, though less comfort, with optional flat cushions, rather than with cup-type cushions tested.
Koss SP-3	24.45	30-15,000 "	30-17,100	Very "warm," spacious sound, but poor high-frequency response. Greatest range of accessories available, including matching transformers, special amplifier.
Lafayette F-618	15.95	30-15,000 "	26-18,000	Clammy cushions. Distortion below 200 cycles. Cord becomes twisted easily.
Permoflux				
BDHS-28	45.00	20-20,000 "	20-19,200	Sound of HDB nearly as good as the BDHS, but BHL, though lighter, is less comfortable, and sound is at a perceptibly lower standard (though still good). Removable, washable ear-piece covers included. Convenient cord layout.
HDB-16/16	37.50	30-18,000 "	20-19,000	
BHL 16	31.50	40-15,000 "	22-18,900	
Rystl	ca. $15	25-17,000 "	20-17,400	Distortion below 80 cycles. Very light weight. Inflatable, removable plastic headband cover (washable).
Sharpe HF-15	43.50	20-15,000 "	20-18,800	Best and most comfortable ear-surround seal (liquid-filled). Clear, "open" sound.
Superex ST-K	29.95	20-20,000 "	24-18,000 -18,200 -19,100	Adjustable ceramic tweeter. Three response figures given are for minimum, median, and maximum positions of tweeter control respectively. Box containing crossover control becomes cumbersome. Available with or without tweeters, and in high-impedance versions.
Telex HDP-2a	24.40	30-15,000 "	20-18,800	Convenient cord layout. Light, loose fitting. Cushions clammy in damp weather.

Note: The figures for tones detected are not to be taken as strict measurements, since no attempt was made to measure or equalize levels. The figures are fairly accurate in relation to each other, however.

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as intimate with the hums and hisses of the amplifier. A resistor network must be used to load the amplifier, guard against overloading the earphones, and bring the signal level above the system's inherent noise.

Close coupling between ear and phone is the secret of the modern headset's bass response. While a large speaker cone is needed to produce bass tones in even a moderate-sized room, the well-fitted phone leaves only a few cubic inches of air between itself and the listening ear—little enough for even a small speaker to move at low frequencies. At high frequencies, the small size of earphone speakers is an advantage. One maker (Superex) adds a separate ceramic tweeter in each phone, with an individually adjustable crossover network to improve high-frequency response even further.

The privacy of headphone listening can be yours for an investment running from $15 to $80 per headset, plus the cost of such accessories (where needed or desired) as junction boxes with volume controls, matching transformers for use with preamplifier outputs, wall-mounting jacks, and even a low-power amplifier (Koss, $35) designed for headset use.

THE well-fitted phone should be comfortable—and most are. Even the least expensive headsets give good sound. The headset buyer should determine which phones within his price range fit his head best, and which color the sound least. Though manufacturers' specifications are, on the whole, conservative, no set of figures can tell the whole story. Listening is the only true test—and here the built-in advantage of phones makes shopping easy, for every headset carries its own acoustical environment with it.

Seven headsets were given extensive listening tests and frequency-response checks for this article. The following impressions should serve as a guide to the prospective buyer—but remember, the ear is the final judge. Listen and compare before buying.

The headsets tested were all of the dynamic type, using miniature loudspeakers to produce sound. All were low-impedance (except for the 300-ohm AKG), and could be used on amplifier outputs as direct substitutes for speakers, though a resistor network is necessary for best results. Not tested due to lack of equipment were the high-impedance crystal headphones manufactured by Clevite-Brush, which are designed to be used on preamplifier and other high-impedance outputs only. While excellent for speech reproduction (as in education, amateur radio, etc.), their limited frequency response (to 10,000 cycles) makes them less satisfactory for purposes of music.

The Other Side

Continued from page 55

flat Concerto and a Chopin recital). This would explain the fact that the new disc, containing stunning performances of Prokofiev's Sonata No. 7 and works by Rachmaninoff and Liszt, is confined to a monaural version, whereas Ogdon's new Rachmaninoff issue, like his 1961 debut-recital devoted to Busoni and Liszt, will be available both in stereo and in mono form.

Rosalyn Tureck's newest Bach disc finds her back at the pianoforte after her unexpected and not wholly convincing flirtation with the harpsichord. In addition to an overdeliberate account of the well-known D major Toccata, this recital features some rare treasures: the unique "Capriccio on the departure of his beloved brother" (composed at the age of nineteen in the manner of Kuhnau's program-sonatas), the four Duets, BWV 802-805, and the sublime G major Adagio. Vocal discs include a Boris Christoff EP containing, in addition to a pair of unfamiliar Tchaikovsky songs, three charming folk songs from the artist's native Bulgaria; Sadler's Wells's latest Opera-in-English issue features highlights from "Il Trovatore" with some fine singing from Charles Craig as Manrico. That popular English basso, Owen Brannigan, once again offers his skill and enthusiasm to the service of the lighter muse in a diverting miscellany entitled "A Little Nonsense." There are mock-Handelian nursery rhymes, bizarre folk songs, settings of Hilaire Belloc and Edward Lear and, last but by no means least, an amusing lesson in military strategy by way of the "Grand old Duke of York." Charles Mackerras and the Pro Arte Orchestra are Brannigan's willing accomplices in this gay entertainment.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK AND BLUES LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Pete Seeger: "At the Village Gate, Vol. 2." With Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon. Seeger, banjo, twelve-string guitar and vocal; Memphis Slim, piano; Dixon, bass. Folkways FA 2451, $5.95.	This is a live recording of a Seeger club date with the folk-blues team of Memphis Slim and Will Dixon joining in on one track. The level of performance here is consistently high, and the cho of material is as excellent as it is varied. Some of the high spots are the two rousing gospel number "Hold On" and "This Little Light of Mine," a wonderful twelve-string guitar rendition of the traditional bad-man ballad "John Hardy" and the very beautiful prison lament "Another Man Done Gone."
"The New Lost City Ramblers," Vol. 4. Tom Paley, banjo, guitar, Hawaiian guitar, and vocal; John Cohen, banjo, guitar, and vocal; Mike Seeger, guitar, banjo, fiddle, mandolin, autoharp, and vocal. Folkways FA 2399, $5.95.	Here is an enthusiastic presentation by a group which has chosen as its milieu the traditional folk music of the United States. Unlike most other groups, the trio has devoted themselves to the presentation of what has come to be called "old timey music." Their devotion and direction has by no means restricted their movement in any way, for the styles that they cover are wide and varied. In this particular collection are included mountain songs, bluegrass numbers, Carter family material, and blues. All of them are performed with zest, vitality, and a professionalism which exhibits the rich heritage of American traditional music.
Erik Darling: " 'True Religion' and Other Blues, Ballads, and Folksongs." Darling, five-string banjo, guitar, twelve-string guitar, and vocal. Vanguard VRS 9099, $4.98.	Erik Darling's normal niche is that of a group singer with the folk-singing Weavers. This collection of traditional material serves to exhibit other facets of the multitalented Darling. As both a guitar player and five-string banjo player in the Appalachian tradition, he is one of the finest instrumentalists currently active. He possesses a voice with a light, airy, and pleasant quality and is capable of conveying himself both musically and emotionally. The relaxed version of "I'm On My Way," in which the artist incorporates verses from an old gospel song "This Train," and the unusual melodic strain inplemented in "Frankie and Johnny," are two musical expressions of value presented here.
The Louisiana Honeydrippers; "Bayou Bluegrass." Quintet: Jim Smoak, five-string banjo; Bucky Wood, fiddle; Lum York, slap bass; V. J. Meyers, guitar; J. C. Meyers, mandolin. Trio: Dewey Edwards, fiddle; Smoak, five-string banjo; V. J. Meyers, guitar. Folk-Lyric FL 122, $4.98.	This is yet another ambitious collection of music from Louisiana to be collected and presented by Dr. Harry Oster. The group is basically bluegrass oriented and follows, for the most part, the traditional Bill Monroe-Earl Scruggs, Lester Flatt model. In addition, there is a trio formed from within the quintet (save for the fiddle player) which has a sound that is generally associated with varied Southern groups, such as the "The Skillet Lickers," of the 1920s and 1930s. The group at times shows flashes of excellence but, unfortunately, they do not sustain themselves. Extremely interesting, though, is the choice of material, which, except for one or two of the seventeen numbers, is a bit different from that usually presented.
"New Folks." The Greenbriar Boys: John Herald, lead and guitar; Ralph Rinzler, baritone and mandolin; Bob Yellin, tenor and banjo; Hedy West, five-string banjo, dulcimer and vocal; Jackie Washington, guitar and vocal; David Gude, guitar, twelve-string guitar, and vocal. Vanguard VRS 9096, $4.98.	Though new, the Greenbriar Boys are an excellent traditional group in the bluegrass idiom. Their harmonizing is well done, and instrumentally they can be extremely exciting. Jackie Washington sings quite beautifully within the spiritual and Spanish areas while Hedy West captures the spirit of Southern mountain music, both vocally and instrumentally, in an extremely capable manner.
The Weavers: "Weavers Gold." Pete Seeger, five-string banjo and vocal; Fred Hellerman, guitar and vocal; Lee Hays and Ronnie Gilbert, vocals. Decca DL 74277, $4.98.	This is, at best, an unfortunate release. To be sure, the Weavers never needed an electric guitar behind them, nor a choral group, nor trumpets, nor strings, nor any other support for that matter. They have always been quite capable of energetic and meaningful performances by themselves, but they took a wrong turn here. This "Weavers Gold" is quite tarnished.
Thomas McFarland: "Barrelhouse Buck; Backcountry Barrelhouse." McFarland, piano and vocals. Folkways FG 3554, $5.95.	This is not a record for anyone who is looking for a "sweet" sound. The music is tough and down-to-earth and doesn't pretend to be anything else. In many instances it takes on a harshness that, in spite of itself, creates beauty. At times, there are missed notes, uneven tempos, and other technical imperfections in both vocal and instrumental execution. In spite of this, there is everpresent the urgency and insistence that has always typified this musical style. McFarland, a member of the St. Louis school of barrelhouse piano typified by such men as Speckled Red and Henry Brown, is a worthy "rediscovery" of Charles O'Brien and Sam Charters.
"Negro Blues and Hollers." Son House, vocal and guitar; Willie Brown, vocal and guitar; David Edwards, vocal and guitar. Willie Blackwell, vocal and guitar; Charlie Berry, vocal; Congregation of Silent Grove Baptist Church; Congregation of the Church of God in Christ. Library of Congress AFS L59, $5.40.	An excellent sampling of some of the field recordings which were made for the Library of Congress in the Mississippi and Arkansas areas in 1941-2, this disc includes country blues and the two allied areas from which the blues borrow heavily—field hollers and gospel singing. Easily the outstanding artist featured here is the legendary Son House, who typifies, in both his guitar playing and singing, the "Mississippi Delta Style" of the country blues. Particularly fine are House's "Low Down, Dirty Dog Blues," a rough, extremely vital recitation; the work of Willie Brown; and the two all-out, swinging examples of early congregational gospel music. In all, the recordings serve as a superb introduction to country blues and the derivative roots thereof.
Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon: "At the Village Gate" with Pete Seeger. Memphis Slim, vocal and piano; Dixon, vocal and bass; Seeger, vocal and five-string banjo. Folkways FA 2386, $5.95.	Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon, two Chicago-based bluesmen, are, at present, one of the tw commercially successful folk-blues teams—the other being Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry. For the most part, they perform within the loosely-termed "city-blues" area, and this is the format which they adhere to during this live recording. Dixon, a rather prodigious composer of blues songs, plays a fine slap-style bass and sings creditably, while Memphis Slim exhibits his rocking boogie-woogie piano style. He also shares the vocals and contributes to a generally satisfying performance by both men. —LAWRENCE COHN.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Midsummer Melange

MUCH of the terminology of jazz music is abrupt and harsh. It is brief and meaningful to the musicians, but it lends itself to easy humor, and it would certainly affright the patrons of Mr. Bagby's Morning Musicales. Consider, for instance, the term "hard bop." To a modern jazz musician, this at once conveys at least two things: the music under discussion involves rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic extensions of the sort which came into jazz very largely with the post-1940 broadening of the jazz vocabulary known as "be-bop"; and, second, the word "hard" implies not only vigor of conception and statement, but also a kind of athletic suppleness and agility. "Hard bop" is a development of small and musically muscular bands. Big combinations do not have the desirable flexibility. Perhaps the best way to suggest all this to the layman is to say that the "hard bop" bands are, generally speaking, the modern jazz descendants of the small, oldtime hot combinations.

The term "hard bop" has, by and large, had Eastern connotations, the Pacific Coast having been more conspicuous for glossier kinds of jazz. A fine Western quintet now makes its disc debut, with Red Mitchell, bass; Harold Land, tenor sax; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Frank Strazzeri, piano; and Leon Petties, drums (Atlantic 1376). All but the drummer Petties contribute original themes. Harold Land has for some years been one of the most warmly assured of tenors, but this is strong and varied music making all around.

In the department of advanced saxophone work, there is no one more exploratory and more frequently poetic than John Coltrane, master of both the tenor and the soprano. And another soprano saxophonist of resolute devotion to his own winning musical ideas is Steve Lacy. Both these men have new LPs. Coltrane plays six blues-inspired numbers, of wide variety (two on the soprano), with the rich counterplay of McCoy Tyner, piano; Elvin Jones, drums; and Steve Davis, bass (Atlantic 1382). Coltrane's opening blues is classic in outline if highly personal in nuance; thereafter he moves into several musical areas where he seems perfectly at home—Eastern, African, West Indian. Steve Lacy is a shaper of fascinating musical arabesques, with more delicacies of sonority than I remember hearing from any other soprano saxophonist. He engages in delightful dialogues with Charles Davis, a baritone saxophonist obviously after Lacy's own heart; John Orr and Roy Haynes are at the bass and drums. The six themes are modern jazz staples by Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk and Cecil Taylor (Candid 8007).

In an extended article in these pages, Martin Williams recently announced that the distinguished Modern Jazz Quartet will hereafter be together for only half of each year. At the moment, we have a new LP in which Messrs. Lewis, Jackson, Heath, and Kay are in dulcet and fastidious form, with six numbers by their pianist-director John Lewis.

Now for the older modes. Some months ago I hailed what I feel to be one of the very finest of veteran jazz performances: Alberta Hunter's "Downhearted Blues," in which the sixty-five-year-old singer (now a nurse at New York's Welfare Island) is accompanied by the seventy-four-year-old Lovie Austin and Her Blues Serenaders, with the leader at the piano; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Pops Foster, bass; and Jasper Taylor, drums. This historic blues, composed by Hunter-Austin, was originally recorded by the two women for Paramount in 1923. Clearly, as the wording of the song suggests, they still have the world in a jug and the stopper in their hands, and I hoped that Riverside Records had caught more of this extraordinary company. It is a pleasure to report that there is an entire LP containing, among others, "St. Louis Blues," "Moanin' Low," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Streets Paved with Gold," and a second master of "Downhearted Blues." The disc is everything I could have wished and is, I think, one of the treasures of the language (Riverside RLP 418).

There is also a bonanza for the countless admirers of the late James P. Johnson, benign prince of Harlem "stride" pianists. Of sixteen performances, ten recorded in 1939 have never before been issued in the U.S. ("uncommercial") and five of these include a small band with Henry Allen, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Gene Cedric, tenor sax; and Sidney Catlett, drums. —WILDER HOBSON.

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Bird

Continued from page 49

changes, I could play the thing I'd been hearing. I came alive.

From then on he reigns as a recognized master, creating, recording, inspiring others, finding fame, beginning a family. Then comes his waning, suffering, disintegration, and death.

Many of the bare facts of Parker's life are presented in the useful chronology, but it is the individual commentators' embellishments on the facts which create the mythic dimension. Bird was a most gifted innovator and evidently a most ingratiating and difficult man—one whose friends had no need for an enemy, and whose enemies had no difficulty in justifying their hate. According to his witnesses he stretched the limits of human contradiction beyond belief. He was lovable and hateful, considerate and callous; he stole from friends and benefactors and borrowed without conscience, often without repaying, and yet was generous to absurdity. He could be most kind to younger musicians or utterly crushing in his contempt for their ineptitude. He was passive and yet quick to pull a knife and pick a fight. He knew the difficulties which are often the lot of jazz musicians, but as a leader he tried to con his sidemen out of their wages. He evidently loved the idea of having a family and being a good father and provider but found it as difficult as being a good son to his devoted mother. He was given to extremes of sadism and masochism, capable of the most staggering excesses and the most exacting physical discipline and assertion of will. Indeed, one gets the image of such a character as Stavrogin in Dostoievsky's "The Possessed," who while many things to many people seemed essentially devoid of a human center—except, and an important exception indeed, Parker was an artist who found his moments of sustained and meaningful integration through the reed and keys of the alto saxophone. It is the recordings of his flights of music which remain, and it is these which form the true substance of his myth.

Which brings us, finally, to a few words about Parker's style: For all its velocity, brilliance, and imagination there is in it a great deal of loneliness, self-deprecation and self-pity. With this there is a quality which seems to issue from its vibratoless tone: a sound of amateurish ineffectuality, as though he could never quite make it. It is this amateurish-sounding aspect which promises so much to the members of a do-it-yourself culture: it sounds with an assurance that you too can create your own do-it-yourself jazz. Dream stuff, of course, but there is a relationship between the Parker *sound* and the impossible genre of teen-age music which has developed since his death. Nevertheless, he captured something of the discordancies, the yearning, romance, and cunning of the age and ordered it into a haunting art. He was not the god they see in him but for once the beatniks are correct: Bird lives—perhaps because his tradition and his art blew him to the meaningful center of things.

But what kind of bird was Parker? Back during the Thirties members of the old Blue Devils orchestra celebrated a certain robin by playing a lugubrious little tune called "They Picked Poor Robin." It was a jazz community joke, musically an extended "signifying riff" or melodic naming of a recurring human situation, and was played to satirize some betrayal of faith or loss of love observed from the bandstand. Sometimes it was played as the purple-fezzed musicians returned from the burial of an Elk, whereupon reaching the Negro business and entertainment district the late Walter Page would announce the melody dolefully on his tuba; then poor robin would transport the mourners from their somber mood to the spirit-lifting beat of "Oh, didn't he ramble" or some other happy tune. Parker, who studied with Buster Smith and jammed with other members of the disbanded Devils in Kansas City, might well have known the verse which Walter Page supplied to the tune:

Oh they picked poor robin clean
(repeat)
They tied poor robin to a stump
Lord, they picked all the feathers
Round from robin's rump
Oh they picked poor robin clean.

Poor robin was picked again and again and his pluckers were ever unnamed and mysterious. Yet the tune was inevitably productive of laughter—even when we ourselves were its object. For each of us recognized that his fate was somehow our own. Our defeats and failures—even our final defeat by death—were loaded upon his back and given ironic significance and thus made more bearable. Perhaps Charlie was poor robin come to New York and here to be sacrificed to the need for entertainment and for the creation of a new jazz style and awaits even now in death a meaning-making plucking by preceptive critics. The effectiveness of any sacrifice depends upon our identification with the agony of the hero-victim: to those who would still insist that Charlie was a mere yardbird, our reply can only be, "Aint nobody *here* but us chickens, boss!"

Sweelinck by Biggs

THROUGH the years, the pipe organ has been the victim of much tinkering and experimentation in the hope of improving the breed; not all of it has been successful. In many cases the results were disastrous, most notably in the latter part of the nineteenth century, when organ builders became obsessed with the idea of imitating instruments of the orchestra. Reduced to bare essentials, the organ is a collection of whistles and horns—tin and wooden whistles and Halloween horns—one for each pitch, and a complete set, or rank, for each tone color. The shape of the whistles and the cut of their mouths give them their characteristic timbre.

The pendulum began to swing back toward "classic" design in the Thirties and gained momentum after World War II, and the appearance of the long-playing record helped immeasurably in increasing awareness of good organ sound.

And then there was E. Power Biggs. For years Mr. Biggs played for early Sunday morning radio listeners, mostly on a small instrument in the Busch-Reisinger Museum of Harvard University. To thousands who have never heard another organist, he is Mr. Organ himself. He is a proselytizer as well a a performer, a man dedicated to encouraging an interest in organ music, and doing it with good grace and a delightful dry humor.

"Variations on Popular Songs" is Mr. Biggs's latest; Sweelinck is the composer. The songs were popular in the early years of the seventeenth century, when Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck was organist of an Amsterdam church and the Separatists from England were gathering nearby before their pilgrimage in the *Mayflower*. There are six songs in all—love songs, a bit from the ballet, a drinking song—and they were new in Sweelinck's day. On this record (Columbia ML 5737, $4.98; MS 6337, $5.98), we stand a good chance of hearing them as they sounded to the Amsterdam Dutch of 1620, for Mr. Biggs plays them on an organ built in Holland by Flentrop in the late Fifties. It is beautifully voiced, with a particularly appealing sixteen-foot pedal reed. It is a modern organ in its materials and construction, a classic organ in its tonal design.

The "popular" songs will never hit a "My Fair Lady" jingle on the cash register, but they radiate charm none the less. This is a fine record to add to a collection lacking organ music, and a splendid example of how good a collection of pipes can sound.

—DAVID HEBB.

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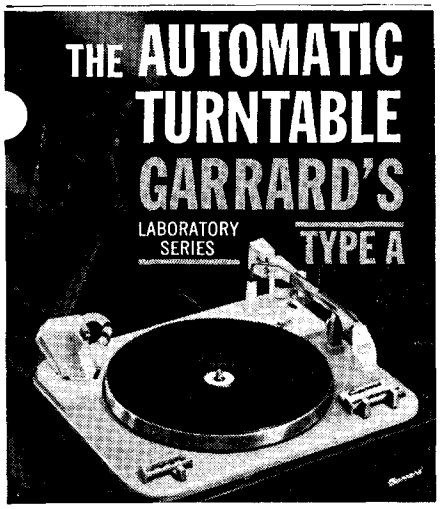

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

BASSES AND STRINGS

As a bass player I was pleased by your respectful treatment of this instrument in your review of Gary Karr's album [*SR*, Mar. 31]. The dignity and peculiar beauty of the bass has always been subject to gentle ridicule with such terms as "grandfather of the orchestra" and "dog-house" and remarks about its size and ability to produce sounds even remotely resembling music. You corrected many misconceptions about the double bass, but, however, included one erroneous impression: that the orchestral bass has five strings. To my knowledge, five-string basses were used for a time in jazz, but the four-string arrangement is now predominate in jazz and in the classical field, where I doubt that the five-string bass ever gained entrance. Most four-string orchestral basses *are* equipped with a machine which when released deepens the lowest string, E, to a C and produces the sounds between.

Henrietta Chasanov.

Homewood, Ill.

Editor's note: *The five-stringed bass is still preferred in several European orchestras, and the Chicago Symphony has four in its bass section, by preference of its conductor Fritz Reiner.*

STRETTA, STRETTO?

In the article on Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" [*SR*, June 16], the writer says, "The act ends with a very powerful *stretta* that truly justifies Heinrich Heine's description of Meyerbeer as a 'breathless genius.'"

The dictionaries give *stretto*.

And to think of an Italian writer ending the word with *a*!

Irving Schwerke.

Appleton, Wis.

Editor's note: *Even a non-Italian knows what a stretto is: but only an Italian*

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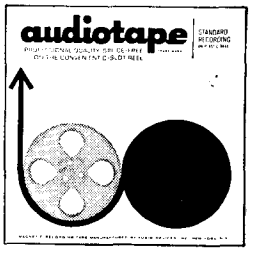

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(probably) would particularize about a stretta, which is defined by the "Harvard Dictionary of Music" as "a concluding section in increased speed. . . ." As Celli's reference shows, this is exactly what he had in mind.

PRO PARKER

RALPH PARKER'S article about the dancers from the Ukraine [*SR*, Apr. 28] is an excellent introduction for that artistic ensemble, which a few years ago was so highly acclaimed in Paris and London.

More than that, the article gives some information on this East European country, about which so little is known here in America. May I commend you on the high quality of your magazine.

WASYL WYTWYCKY.

Detroit, Mich.

QUERY ON CUTOUTS

AS OF TODAY, only a minority of those who are interested enough in serious music on records to buy it are as yet converted to stereo. Would you therefore please ask your reviewers to deal with the mono as well as with the stereo editions of the discs they review? At the very least, they should mention the catalogue numbers of mono versions, even if for some reason or other they don't actually hear them. This is particularly advisable with records of chamber music and of older music (early classic, preclassic, baroque) using small ensembles; people who prefer music in these categories are usually those who, from skepticism or from disappointment with the meagerness of the stereo catalogue in these areas, have not converted.

I note that Mr. Freed's article in the current issue [*SR*, June 30] is entitled "The Quest for Cutouts II." I don't recollect seeing No. 1.

STANLEY METALITZ.

Kensington, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Records are reviewed in the form in which they are received. Presently, most producers are submitting stereo records for review. Where possible, both numbers are provided. "Cutouts I" appeared on April 14.*

OH, PSALTER!

PLEASE NOTE: In "Recordings Reports: Folk Music," "The Gentle Art" [*SR*, May 12], the instrument is a psalter—no *y*.

WALTER MCGRATH.

Portland, Me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference was to "a zither-like instrument called the psaltery," not to a collection of psalms (psalter).*

BIG BAND, SMALL BAND

AS A LOVER AND COLLECTOR of both big band and smaller group jazz over the last twenty years, I would take issue with Mr. Hobson's "Curse of Bigness" thoughts in THE AMEN CORNER [*SR*, May 26]. He is confusing the proper playing of jazz by groups of any size with what is simply poor playing or interpretation. Granted, it takes more talent and intelligence, both in arrangement and performance, as well as leadership, which is more important still in big band work, in order to come up with real swinging, solid big band jazz which does not give the impressions of "ponderosity" and "blastiness." However, there have been hundreds of small group recordings of both traditional and modern jazz made in which the free flight improvisation, lightness of touch, and other qualities which are supposedly superior to big bands are noticeably missing.

Remember, jazz was originally dance music and if it cannot be used for dancing, no matter how good in other respects, some of its raison d'être is gone. Further, while many of the mouldy figs decry them, one should listen to some of the old 78 rpm recordings of Charlie Barnett, the old Herman Band and literally scores of the old Tommy Dorsey intrumentals. They did swing, they were wonderful jazz in the full sense of the word, and it is a sad era we find ourselves in today without these giants or others like them.

PAUL WRIGHT.

Albuquerque, N. M.

OAKS IN E FLAT

I HAVE WELCOMED your recent extensive series of articles on Stravinsky and on the Stravinsky discography. However, it is the Concerto in E flat which is subtitled "Dumbarton Oaks," not the Concerto Grosso in D as is stated in your review [*SR*, June 30].

PAUL VAN DE WATER.

Summit, N. J.

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"BABAR" and "WINNIE THE POO" wall hangings. Linen on walnut frame, 32" x 15", $3.75 each postpaid. Also matching vinyl place mats, $1.15 each postpaid. Creations 'N Things, 1467 Second Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.

YOJIMBO will be here soon! Seneca International, Ltd. 21 West 46th Street, NYC.

TAROC, the favorite card game of European royalty, has become a hit with Americans. Exotic designs, five suits, excitingly different. Imported from Austria. Easy-to-understand instructions. Send $3.50 to Pavel Associates, 302 North 4th Avenue, Maywood, Illinois.

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, Box 844—Retirement home near Rollins College. Natural and organically grown foods.

WESTWARD? Capable male driver to share expenses, conversation, navigation, Fairlane 500, Boston to Los Angeles, September. Whitcomb, Box 265, Natick, Massachusetts.

SHUTTERBUG FATHERS: Pictures needed of mothers and babies in family situations to illustrate child care book. Publisher's deadline September. Karen Pryor, Star Route 2119, Kanoehe, Hawaii.

WANTED: Home and experienced care, cerebral case —young man. Minimum care except for feeding. Pay well for kind care. State qualifications and recommendations. Prefer Boston, New York area. Box Z-625.

NEWSPAPER FOLDED. Want job—reporter, editor, etc. Box Z-618.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

NURSERY SCHOOL PORTION of experimental non-profit Los Angeles educational institution seeks mature man or woman who relates well to children and adults and who recognizes that the greatest educational efforts and talents are needed in this age level. Salary no problem. Superb facilities. Send detailed experience information, including earning rates, to Box Z-471.

LEADING tour operator seeks experienced tour escorts. Reply with resume that includes previous escort experience and photo. Box Z-55.

NEEDED: FIELD DIRECTOR—Midwest Region United World Federalists. To organize and guide local UWF chapters in such things as membership and fund-raising efforts; preparation of study guides and discussion materials; public speaking in Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin and downstate Illinois area. Send resume to: David M. Stanley, 102 Middle Road, Muscatine, Iowa.

YOUNG WOMAN to act as adjutant to assist physician and medical foundation: edit papers, publications; prepare reports; compose letters; interview personnel; organize details of meetings; public relations. "Must" qualifications: cultivated, flexible, intelligent personality; hardworking, possessing facility with words, creative ideas, initiative. Please write Mrs. G. P. Morgan, P.O. Box 1177, New Canaan, Connecticut, giving complete dossier.

WANTED: Experienced teachers—Mathematics, English—secondary school level—boys' boarding school near New York City. Write giving details. Box Z-478.

TECHNICAL SERVICES LIBRARIAN to assume responsibility for organizing and directing acquisitions, cataloguing, in Medical Library, 50,000 volumes. Box Z-616.

HEAD LIBRARIAN for a friendly, co-operative, community library, in lovely suburban area, Dallas, Pennsylvania. Degree in Library Science preferred. Books on shelves 37,709, with 1961 circulation 51,877. Salary $4,500 up, depending on qualifications. Vacation, Social Security benefits. Two capable assistants. Apply to Mrs. Fred B. Howell, 145 North Pioneer Avenue, Shavertown, Pennsylvania.

PHYSICIAN COUPLE in NYC area desire mature, quiet, intelligent governess-housekeeper for sons, ages 5 and 7, to supervise household. Cleaning help provided. Own room and TV. Good pay. Permanent position to start August 15th. Box Z-612.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES; Lake cottages, Homes, Building sites, Investment acres, Ski lodges. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

NORTH SALEM, N.Y. Ideal author (similar), professional family—4 bedroom dream house. Dramatic river setting, secluded. 3 acres. Choice estate area. Reasonable. Agent, Box Z-620.

18th CENTURY CAPE COD MANSE built by Josiah Dennis, 1735. 13 rooms, 3 baths, modern kitchen, 5 fireplaces, some furniture included, no heat. $32,000. Write Verdery, Dennis, Massachusetts.

COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK—Distinguished restored 1810 farmhouse. 2 acres well landscaped. Living kitchen, bow window, raised fireplace. Three other fireplaces, pegged cherry floors, elevator. 2 bedrooms, bath downstairs, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths upstairs. Three car garage. Terrace, espaliered apple trees and rose garden. $47,000. Box Z-606.

MAY WE HELP you find a place in the country in Vermont? Herbert Douglas, Realtor, Arlington, DRake 5-2215.

HISTORIC COBBLESTONE octagonal house, 2 acres of land on picturesque Cherry Valley Road, Madison, N.Y. Adaptable for antiques, restaurant, doctor's home, or retired family. Reasonable. Thomas A. Rowan, Realtor, or Norman Lewis, Salesman, 11 Kellogg Street, Clinton, New York.

TANGLEWOOD 5½ miles. Rustic cottage, 5 rooms, $7,500. Also 1½ acre plots. View, swimming. Leif Johnson, Dean Hill, Richmond, Massachusetts.

PREREVOLUTIONARY STONE, Columbia County, N.Y. Center hall, 10 rooms, 2½ baths, completely modernized. Garage, studio apartment. $39,000. Offers considered. Easy terms. Brochure. Leonard Eron, Claverack, N.Y.

UNIQUE OLD STONE HOUSE: 7 rooms on beautiful Connecticut River, boat dock, 2 acres. Adjacent Hanover and Dartmouth College. Owner, Frank Ludwig, Lyme, New Hampshire.

BREWSTER N.Y. Extraordinary opportunity satisfy yen—run country antique shop (top location) while residing "Prerevolutionary Gem." 2 scenic acres. Agent, Box Z-613.

FLORIDA BAYFRONT HOME. Sheltered berth for 40-footer, 3 minutes to Gulf beaches. Modern 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. $33,800. F. J. Mayer, 320 W. Bay Drive, Venice, Florida.

NEAR COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.—Huge studio plus apartment. Summer or year round. $6,000. Box Z-632.

IN BUCKS COUNTY VILLAGE—Hundred year old clapboard house with view of Delaware River. About an acre of ground with lawn, herb garden, boxwood, century old shade trees. Two bedrooms, bath, sunken living room, dining room with stone fireplace, perfect kitchen. Modern utilities and air-conditioning. $17,000. Write Buckland Valley Realty, Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania, or phone 215-HY 3-3332.

DIGNIFIED SECLUSION—Convenient NYC commuting. Important Colonial (1750-1830). 4 bedrooms, 4 fireplaces, 3½ baths, guest wing. 3 cool, quiet acres. $59,500. Seth, Pearl River, N.Y. 914-PE 5-3385.

CENTRAL NEW YORK—Century old house, ten acres, ideal for restoration. Some repairs. Bathroom, electricity. Under $6,000. Box Z-639.

COMFORTABLE, CHARMING, unique house on wooded acre. 40 miles from New York. $18,500. Box Z-617.

HILLSIDE HOME—View, isolation, 5 acres. 60 miles from NYC. $33,000. Workshop, study-office. Danbury, Connecticut 743-5735.

For Sale—Furnished

NORTH CAROLINA fishing village—2 bedrooms, 2 baths, electric kitchen. Box Z-493.

For Summer Rental

SOUTHERN NEW YORK—Artistic mountain home, beautiful views. Reasonable. Comfortable through fall. Stewart, Cragsmoor, N.Y.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

SIX ROOM FURNISHED HOUSE near Washington, D.C. Reciprocal lease 1962-63 academic year for house near Harvard, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Write Pearson, 815 N. Harrison, Arlington, Virginia.

RESTORED CONNECTICUT MILLHOUSE with waterfall, modern conveniences, three bedrooms, near lake. Brochure: Quinlan, DeVoe Realty, New Milford, Connecticut.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR RECREATION OR RETIREMENT—Attractive building sites, adjoining lake. Fine mountain views. All utilities. Paved highway. Half mile to village in heart of Vermont. John Macleod, Wallingford.

LAKE KITCHAWAN, NEW YORK. 15 miles Stamford, Connecticut. 3 acres—secluded, wooded knoll, Adirondack setting. Box Z-477.

SECLUDED and charming woodland dell, natural spring and hilltop view. About 8 acres, $4,000. Write owner, Miss Katharine Suckley, Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, N.Y.

NORTHEAST MAINE—Scenic coastal property—undeveloped but accessible, offered to discerning people of culture. Also all year modern cottage with sea view. Write Box Z-601.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAN FRANCISCO BOOKSHOP. Nob Hill district. On cable car line. Price $8,500. Box Z-476.

PAPERBACK BOOKSHOP—Excellent inventory, reputation, in ski and cultural resort. Sale or trade on cruising sailboat. Box 168, Aspen, Colorado.

CAMPS

LIMITED NUMBER of second half four-week enrollments available (July 30th-August 26th) at the Appel Farm Art & Music Center (workshop—chamber music —art—dance—drama—coed 6 to 17). Boarding of children, adults before and after camp season. Write Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey or phone 358-2472.

VENI, VIDE: next year my boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit the Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

SPARHAWK HALL, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge. 51st year. Bulletin B, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Lilla M. Reynolds, Owner-Manager.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lover's paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

WORLD'S FAIR OF FASCINATING HANDCRAFTS. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont, 116 North Main Street on Route 7 North.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

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VACATIONS

THE FALES, Williamstown, Massachusetts. Quiet, peaceful, beautiful. Cottages. Excellent food.

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing in beautiful Pocono Mountains. Private lake, swimming pool, varied activities, wonderful cuisine. 72nd season. Color brochure S. The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

RESPITE FROM REDUNDANCY: no traffic (all cars are garaged on the mainland), no television, neon or jukeboxes. But . . . the cliffs of Maine, the blue Atlantic, a full-circle horizon, the stars for street lights. The Island Inn, Box X, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open to September 6th.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

BOOT AND RACQUET RANCH, Elgin, Arizona. Superb tennis, great riding. Mile high elevation makes perfect summer-fall resort climate. Excellent facilities. Brochure.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Delightful vacationland in a secluded setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, sandy beach. Excellent food, accommodations and genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

FISHING VILLAGE: 18th century house, restaurant, private beach, 6 guest rooms. Like Brittany, but nearer. Gaspe Peninsula. Accessible by train, car, private plane. Until September 20th. L'Auberge Au Pirate, Perce, Province de Quebec.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

IF I WERE A LOBSTER . . . I'd put out a few feelers on how to get away from the broiled city waters. It'd be worth shelling out a bit to bask in the cool Montauk waters around Gurney's Inn. It could prevent a crack-up . . . after all, even a crustacean needs a little fun. If you're people, why not join the marines and get away from it all . . . the ten-legged seafarers mentioned above, that is. Stretch your legs for Gurney's Inn. Luxurious hostelry, private oceanside cottages, and crackin' good cuisine . . . including a sumptuous variety of lobster creations. Write Dept. S-19, Gurney's Inn, "On the Brink O' the Beach," Montauk, L.I., MOntauk 8-2345.

RANGELEY LAKE invites you to view it from one of our individual lodges. Kitchens, all conveniences. Folder. Rangeley View, Box 185, South Shore Drive, Rangeley, Maine.

SUMMER on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700, NYC.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.20 double occupancy, American Plan, summer rate. Newly decorated. Elevator. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradse 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants, Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

LOSE YOURSELF at Snow Mountain Inn, West Dover, Vermont, in the warmth of '62. New pool, tennis, music festivals. Write for brochure beyond words.

BRAEBROOKE VACATIONERS please read story about Braebrooke in June issue Hi-Fi Stereo Review entitled "Little Haydn After Breakfast." Lenox, Massachusetts.

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquillity of our breezy, sunny hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and the peace, sweet peace, of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Only 4½ hours from New York. 15 minutes from Marlboro Music Festival, 10 from lovely, unspoiled lakes. Spacious rooms and lounges, fine food, American Plan rates from $55 weekly. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Elevation 2,100 feet. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightfully informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Adults only. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTEL, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

DO. Plane, train, or bus. We don't care what you come on . . . but come on! Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

BEAUTIFUL BAY VIEW from Southampton, Long Island estate. Private beach. Dine with intimate group before cheerful fire. Fine music, painting (included in rates). Accessible: Boating, fishing, tennis, golf. Write SR Box Z-635.

TRAVEL

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

HAVASU CANYON-CHIRICAHUA MOUNTAINS. Feature areas of Arizona at finest time of year, September 16th-October 20th. Wampler Trail Trips, Berkeley 1, California.

TRAVEL

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, including private bath, from $30 weekly. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YUkon 6-8800.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

CONTEMPORARY ART AROUND THE WORLD with Jeanne Paris. Small group of art lovers will depart September 29th for Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, India, Nepal and Israel. 36 days—all inclusive price only $2,490. Tour offers oportunity of a lifetime to acquire contemporary and antique art in the Orient and Far East at fabulous savings. Write to Jeanne Paris, 51 Robinson Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. for details.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

DAWN AT SKUKUZA, your overnight rest camp in Krueger Park, is when you begin a full day of thrilling close-up views of lion, elephant, hippo, giraffe and countless other game. Every day of your South African tour has its own exciting contrasts. See it all yourself. Literature from Satour, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

TEN ADVENTURERS needed first and third Monday every month to hoist sails from St. Thomas for romantic schooner vacation on famed 76' "Maverick." Swimming, snorkeling, exploring, 8 days, lonely, lovely Virgin Islands. Only $150. Box Z-602.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 19th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 108 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s) Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

AROUND THE WORLD via South Pacific. 58 days departing October 8th by air. Escorted, limited to 15 members. Highlights: Egypt, India, Nepal, Thailand, Bali, New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti, Bora Bora. $3,390. Brochure: Six Continents Tours, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL has special SUMMER WEEKEND rates—most attractive package plans for luxurious two- and three-day stays. Write or call for reservations. If you're driving to New York, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll enjoy your visit because you're so near everything: theatres, shops, museums, art galleries, the United Nations. Two popular-priced restaurants offer delicious food. The Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge is delightful and commands breathtaking views of the city and the East River. Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-ELdorado 5-7300.

VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A. Enjoy your Caribbean Holiday on the beautiful seaside terraces of famous Grapetree Bay, St. Croix. All resort facilities and special rates at $5-$7 daily until November 30th.

COMFORTABLE 70' sailing yacht "Saint-Yves" will cruise Galapagos Islands and South Seas during winter. Several paying guests accepted entire voyage or fraction. Robert LESERREC, General Delivery, Nassau, Bahamas.

GOING AWAY without your car? Consider auto dead storage. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1478

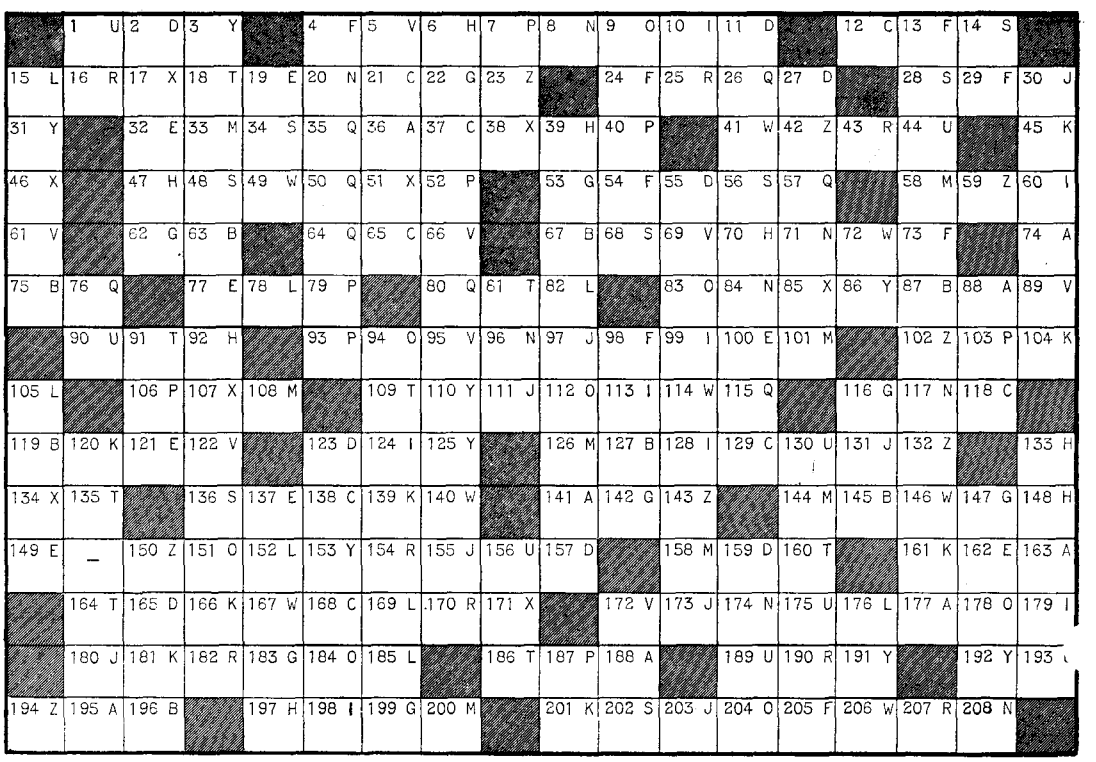
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Highly esteemed American game birds of the duck family.	195 163 188 141 36 177 88 74
B. Where one would find a duvet (3 wds.).	145 87 63 75 196 67 127 119
C. Describing the airplane captured by gunfire (2 wds.).	21 65 168 129 118 138 12 37
D. Figurative aid to donning any tight garment.	157 123 165 11 27 55 2 159
E. East Indian aquatic herb with edible roots, which sounds like a small boy's threat.	121 77 149 100 32 162 19 137
F. Dialects spoken in Switzerland, esp. west of the Engadine.	205 29 24 13 98 73 4 54
G. Followed by Word R, a useful adverbial construction in Latin prose.	116 147 22 62 53 199 183 142
H. Sang exultantly like the Jabberwock.	70 133 6 92 197 148 39 47
I. A look, bright and animated (2 wds.).	124 60 113 179 99 10 198 128
J. Latin name for Aldebaran, the bull's heart (2 wds.).	180 111 131 203 173 97 30 155
K. One of several marine creatures hunted for their livers (2 wds.).	120 201 166 161 45 181 104 139
L. Rich dark red-yellow color named for a tree (2 wds.).	152 78 105 176 82 15 169 185
M. Sunday (2 wds.).	126 33 108 144 200 58 158 101
N. Where to find that "Window" Barrie wrote about (2 wds.).	8 117 208 71 84 20 96 174
O. One of the ancient creatures trapped in the La Brea pits (2 wds.).	9 184 151 204 112 94 178 83
P. Special care of "sponsors in baptism".	52 103 40 93 106 187 7 79
Q. Appealing to one's sense of the beautiful.	57 115 64 80 76 35 50 26
R. See Word G.	43 16 207 190 182 25 154 170
S. Insensibility to pain or other sensation.	202 48 28 136 34 68 14 56
T. Stood apart; disagreed.	186 18 109 164 81 135 91 160
U. Devotees, esp. politically.	193 175 44 156 90 1 130 189
V. Raises in relief.	66 95 172 5 89 61 69 122
W. To make anew "a soft susurrus in the night".	114 206 49 146 140 41 167 72
X. Something that "fast falls" in the hymn by Lyte.	107 17 134 51 38 85 171 46
Y. Uneasy.	125 31 153 191 110 86 3 192
Z. Certain imposing features of entrances.	59 143 150 42 102 194 23 132

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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Helen Hayes has some hints on helping overseas visitors feel at home

Help with directions

I've stayed in practically every city in America, yet I often have to ask directions. So imagine the difficulty our guests will have as they travel here. Be as helpful as you can. If you don't know the answer, find somebody who does.

ɔcal customs

Visitors passing through your town need to know things about our stores—how and when we shop. Tell them, too, about traffic and parking regulations, opening and closing hours at museums and nearby recreation areas.

Transportation

It's surprising how visitors appreciate your words of advice—on where to get a taxicab; how to rent a car, how to locate the correct bus or train at a station. They will also be grateful for your pointers about our highways.

"Company's Coming! Everywhere I go people are talking about it and asking what they can do to help. I've been telling them that simple American hospitality is most important. I think a visitor will remember the busy Philadelphian who takes time to put him on the right bus just as vividly as he'll recall Independence Hall. And a courtesy extended by a Montana drugstore clerk will make an impression quite as lasting as Yellowstone National Park. So please remember that friendly Americans win American friends!"

Published as a public service in cooperation with the U. S. Travel Service, Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D.C.

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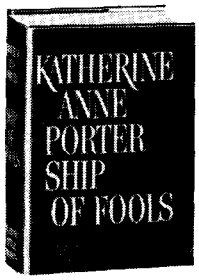
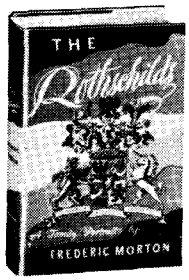
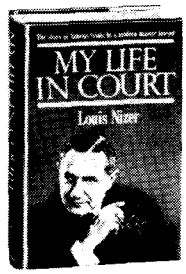
A SHORT TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB WILL DEMONSTRATE HOW RELIABLY MEMBERSHIP KEEPS YOU FROM MISSING THE BOOKS YOU INTEND TO READ



539. SHIP OF FOOLS *by* KATHERINE ANNE PORTER (Publisher's retail price $6.50)

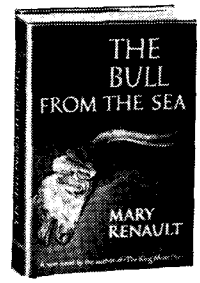


540. THE ROTHSCHILDS *by* FREDERIC MORTON. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

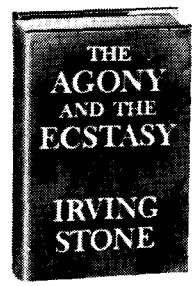


521. MY LIFE IN COURT *by* LOUIS NIZER. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

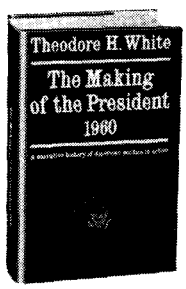
523. THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. Illus. (Publisher's retail price $6.95)



520. THE BULL FROM THE SEA *by* MARY RENAULT (Publisher's retail price $4.95)



455. THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY *by* IRVING STONE. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



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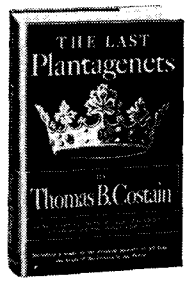

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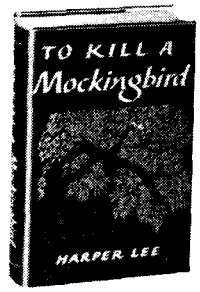

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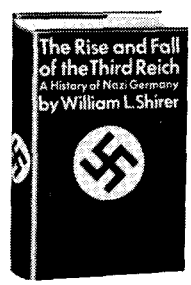

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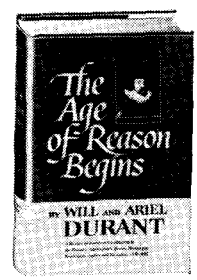

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